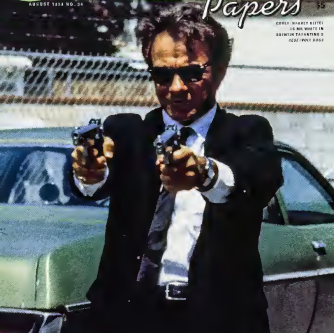


# CINEMA

AUGUST 1994 NO. 24

*Papers* \$5

COVER (HARRY BIRTH)  
JESSE WHITE ON  
BOWEN YOUNG'S D  
ROSE (POW) PAGE



**'RESERVOIR DOGS' STEVE BUSCEMI**  
**PAUL COX / MICHAEL JENKINS INTERVIEWS**

**PLUS** COMING OF AGE FILMS / FILM FESTIVALS  
AUSTRALIA'S FIRST FILMS / REVIEWS / TECHNICALITIES



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DAVID HUGHES PERFORMS IN A SCENES FROM *BLACK MAN'S HOUSES*. ABOVE: DAVID HUGHES IN THE FILM. RIGHT: HUGHES, THE COUSIN OF THE COUSIN

## 'The Salute of the Jigger'

Dear Editor

The Salute of the Jigger certainly has its own slightly dusty integrity and I'm glad that someone has come out and done something positive about it at least (Black Murray in "Second Glass" *Cinema Papers*, No. 82, p. 10). Audience examinations of movies are seldom fun or as rich as *Black Man's House* (Peter Scott, 1982) which (in the complete) were shattered and people found a very hard a deal with the film. The lack of glamour and the lack of poetic vision. I was there at the Sydney premiere and can testify that we were treated mainly and fairly better. Three people who visited on the film walked away in a state of shock.

Nevertheless, the film does have a strong quality. The scenery, the music, the costumes and the sets although incidental are strong and beautiful. The casting of the leads is interesting and quirky. The reason of a world coming down into entirely is sustained and believable. The film has its own quite remarkable flavor — camp perhaps but not misrepresenting or something else. It is highly valued and presents the violence realistically. The world is created in the end of the film physically and morally.

David Hughes returns to a complex history and culture in a very way. This is a project he had raised since *Black Man's House* and he committed and that of the cast shows on screen.

While the film is so rich in the casting of some minor parts and in the simple and bold of direction. This is a story that is not only a story of a man but a story of a man. People has just found such a director in Clint Eastwood with *Unforgotten*. It's no surprise, surely, that in his own first exercise in direction he could find a quiet but to the occasion.

But the movie's best reception is the strong and expressive in a person. Once exhibited an integrity that went beyond the norm. They competed to find ways of expressing their individuality. Why then so much hostility? (They have seen the future and they hate it).

As Scott Murray says, now that David Hughes has moved up in the Hollywood parking order people will give this film a second look. Maybe this time they'll have the courage to acknowledge that it's not the film itself but the uncompromising vision of a future which appeals to them. *John Marshall*

Scott Murray comments

It is certainly interesting to learn this film has another dedicated fan out there and that its totally unjustified reputation is a failure only for winning.

Where I would agree to differ with Mr. Marshall, however, is over the standard of "People's director". Having seen and known some other hundred Australian films for *Australian Film 1978-82* (Clifton) forthcoming, there is little doubt in this writer's mind that *The Salute of the Jigger* is one of the best directed. Five viewings have done nothing to undermine that belief (in fact) one could list many scenes which are so well crafted they ought to be used in Australian classes on film technique. An obvious example is when Kioke (Joan Green) is turned out for membership of the team, the camera dramatically leading in counter parallel to the competitive side movements of the chain including young Joe (Vincent Puccio in *Onassis*). This is crisp, engaging, fascinating at all times.

## 'Black Man's Houses'

Dear Editor

Having committed myself early on in a review of *Black Man's House* (*Cinema Papers*, No. 82, p. 42-43) to the thesis that this documentary suffers from a tendency to revert to "essentialist notions of race", Sam Quin's then remarks in recognizing the narrative in order to prove his point.

Recalling my final remarks to "some people still think that identity is a matter of race, not of class", he concludes that the film "proves" "to have racial identity in the hands of blacks, inter-racial links rather than moving to an understanding of race [...] as a social construct".

In fact, as he pointed out, my remarks would. What I actually say is "some people still want to argue that identity is a matter of race, not of class". This is a misstatement of *Black Man's House*. Mark Mason-Green's earlier comment that "Australians is a feeling which is too little to do with the colour of the skin".

For from "looking at the legend past" *Black Man's House* family challenges to the construction of racial identity. Given that the reviewer had a video copy and can easily double check, was very only conclude that Sam Quin's misreading of the film is a difficulty finding because he's already decided I had that I was wrong.

Furthermore, he refers to "cultural discontinuity" as evidence that contemporary Australian Aboriginal identity is a construct by people who have been oppressed and therefore looked up where for their sense of belonging. This is not the whole picture. It is true, that they might as well be it for the money, so conventional white culture inside they are.

The truth is that although Australian Aboriginal culture suffered a major assault, continually reasserted through the kinship system and traditions. And that it is a process of re-creating "blood links" again, let us be clear that identity is Aboriginal society's reassertion of biology.

*Black Man's House* acknowledges that the form is a part of the struggle against institutions which are hegemonic from 19th Century violence. Aboriginal culture is dynamic. It is continually evolving and adapting. Indeed it is a story to do so much more than needed culture in Australia in the future.

Steve Thomas  
Co-ordinator of the ABC

That's the question

I have seen *Black Man's House* twice, once on a local ABC (I do not own one) and once at the cinema. On both occasions the line which I have apparently misquoting some names to not and others as I have mentioned (the operative distinction — between the words "but" and "and" — is really fine but certainly substantial). For the record, I apologise to Mr. Thomas.

However, my argument is not dependent on the line of certain words. It is rather an attempt to make a point that before the film as a whole. It is not evident in Mr. Thomas's letter in his claim that "continuity has been re-created through the kinship system and social institutions" which contradicts the statement by many in the film that they do not know about their Aboriginal heritage until rather late in life.

Somewhat hesitatingly, Mr. Thomas's letter usually attempts to drag my argument into the sphere of "conventional white racism". My argument goes out to the subjects of *Black Man's House*, where I believe have a valid case. However, I do not think that a reference to the issue of racial identity in all its complexity is a political contribution in itself to help the case at all.

## 'Mr' Newman, again

Dear Editor

In the age of simulation and floating signification, Johnnie Martin's brave and bold cinematic intervention (in *Black Man's House*) "to a woman" (*Cinema Papers*, No. 82, p. 43) while courageous must have come as something of a revelation to Mr. Newman.

However, not only is this patently wrong, but Martin was misquoting me. I did not "fail" *Black Man's House*. The *Australian Film Institute* for "being female comedian" and so I suggested that the film is a story that is not only a story of a man but a story of a man. People has just found such a director in Clint Eastwood with *Unforgotten*. It's no surprise, surely, that in his own first exercise in direction he could find a quiet but to the occasion.

But the movie's best reception is the strong and expressive in a person. Once exhibited an integrity that went beyond the norm. They competed to find ways of expressing their individuality. Why then so much hostility? (They have seen the future and they hate it).

## THE LEAVING OF DENNA SHARP

Denne Sharp, who has been the administrative manager of *Cinema Papers* for the past three years, has left for new pastures. The staff of *Cinema Papers* and the MTV Board of Directors wish her the best for the future.

## The Australian Film Television and Radio School turns 30

August 1985 marks the twentieth birthday of the Australian Film Television & Radio School.

In the late 1950s, a group of people began lobbying for government support for a local film industry. In 1959, this resulted in an amendment by Prime Minister John Gorton of a three-strand plan to support the creation of a local film industry.

The SFS to establish the Australian Film and Television School was passed unanimously under the new Whitlam government and given legislative status August 31<sup>st</sup>, 1973.

The first students had already begun their training in January 1973 as part of fifteen-day intensive Training Courses, under the direction of Producer Jivay Tsoufalis. The first group of students alone has produced graduates including Gillian Armstrong, Philip Boyce, Chris Masters and Catherine Scully. The first full-time students to graduate in May. The first full-time students to graduate the three-year course entered in 1975.

In 1981, the School finally moved into its permanent home, an \$11.6 million purpose-built building with state-of-the-art studios and equipment.

To meet its charter as a national film training institution, the AFTRS has developed a number of diverse training courses and training schemes which respond to the specific training needs of media professionals throughout Australia and the Pacific region.

To celebrate its birthday, the AFTRS has organised a number of special events this year, including the Sir Gorton Forum in March, the recent International Cinematography Forum and a reunion of graduates and ex-staff planned for August.

## Some highlights and achievements:

■ Since 1973, 414 students have graduated from the full-time film and television courses. There have been 128 graduates from the full-time radio courses which began in 1983. More than 1000 short courses have been run in all states through the Industry Program, with almost 27000 participants.

■ An employment survey of graduates conducted in 1984 showed that 95% of all graduates were employed full-time in the film and broadcasting industries. All radio producers found employment.

with one month of completing their course. In 1980, during a period of recession, it was found that 98% of the previous year's graduates had still been able to find employment.

■ AFTRS graduates Jane Campion and Lucie Arnoux were the first Australians to be awarded the prestigious Palme d'Or for Best Short Film at the Cannes Film Festival in consecutive years. Jane Campion is the first Australian to have four films accepted into the Cannes Festival, three of which were produced while she was an AFTRS student, and the first woman and Australian win the Palme d'Or this year for *The Piano*.

■ The first public screening of student productions was held at the Sydney Filmmarket Co-operative cinema in August 1978. Since then, the graduate screenings have become an annual and national event, screening in 10 cities around Australia and watched by more than 5000 people.

■ The AFTRS hosted the Film Biennial Congress of CILECT (Le Centre International de Liaison des Ecoles de Cinema et de Television) in 1983. Forty nine member countries were involved in discussions on the themes television training and training for the developing world.

■ AFTRS Colonial Media has produced a large number of video producers on all aspects of media training. With more than 100 titles currently available, it has recently acquired an international distribution network with distributors based in the U.S., Asia and France.

■ Through AFTRS courses designed specifically for Aboriginals was held in 1975. Television courses have been run since then to meet the training needs of Aboriginal broadcasters. When Aboriginal owned media television was awarded a licence, the AFTRS coordinated training courses to its ongoing a television training for people from traditional and senior staff in Alice Springs. The School has also created a three-year curriculum for radio and television broadcast in the tropics.

■ The first training programme in film and television targeted specifically for women was conducted following a UNESCO survey undertaken during International Women's Year. Since then the Industry Program has run many courses designed to assist media training needs of women.

■ In 1984, the AFTRS began the On the Job Training Scheme for women. A rapid response, the scheme enabled 21 women with some existing media experience to move into more technical areas of the industry. Since 1981, the AFTRS has run the Industry Training Fund for Women to assist experienced women to move into key technical and creative positions.

■ Following a request from the ABEA (the Australian Broadcasting Education Association) in October 1983, AFTRS organised a television production course for the ABEA member countries. The success of this course led to further courses being organised in Sydney and other ABEA countries. Courses have also been run by AFTRS staff in Papua New Guinea and the South Pacific.

MELBOURNE FILM FESTIVAL  
31st SHORT FILM AWARDS

**Grand Prix For Best Film** (agreement: City of Melbourne): *Lebanese in Paradise* (Lebanon of Lebanon: Warner Heisig Germany-UK)

**Best Short Film (Kine)**: *Schweinekopf* (East West: Peps Degenhart Germany) (See) Animation (Kine)

**More Like Documenting a Disease** (John C. Galt, U.S.)

**Best Documentary Film** (Kine): *Thornes Loved by God* (Johnsen: Holzhausen, Austria)

**Best Student Film (Kine)**: *Wind (Manga)* (Italy: Germany) and *Heart of Plant* (Andrew G. Taylor: Australia)

**Best Experimental Film (Kine)**: *No Bone* (Greta Schiller, U.S.)

**Erwin Rado Award for Best Australian Film (Film Victoria)**: *Melbourne & Beyond* (Lynn Marks: Britain)

## Special Commendations

**Experimental - Commendation**: *Jack* (Jack Hines, UK) *State of the Road* (Gisela Friedhoff, U.S.)

**Fiction - Shooting in the Desert** (Klaus J. Wenz: Ireland-UK)

**Documentary - O Rio Colorado** (Orleg: Bolivia, U.S.)

**Animation - A Sliver of Water for the Birds** (Arne Skarvold, Australia) *Mallory* (Silvana Schmitz: Australia)

**Best Science Film (ARBA-CAIRO)**: *The Northern Light* (John MacB. Canada) *On the Eighth Day* (Miguel Riquelme: Canada) (Owen: Britain, Canada)

**Scientific Award (SOCI)**: *Scientific International Center for Organizations for Cinema and Audiovisuals*: *An Elderly* (David McDermott: Austria)

The Festival was crowned a non-short award for

**Best Examination of the Human Experience** (Australian Psychological Society) *Clara Anna Pura Chomila* (Clara Anna Pura Chomila: Alfonso Arau: Mexico)

DENDY  
SHORT FILM AWARDS

**Fiction - Opportunity Knocks** (Mark Connolly)

**Dramat - The Glass (Peter Convent)**

**Documentary - Glass Men & Horses** (Steve Thomas)

**Animation - Sunday** (Peter Meyer)

**BAC Award - Grand (Karlene Cass)**

**Proton Macmillan Award - Black Man** (Hansen and Just Deserts: (Manga: Phillips))

The first three awards were sponsored by the Dendy Cinema, the Animation Award by Warren Gross Studios and the BAC Award by the Ethical Affairs Commission of NSW.

## CORRIGENDUM

In the last issue of *Cinema Papers* (No. 85, May 1985), Mike S. Bore's name was incorrectly spelt on the contents page for the interview with Jane Campion. She was also incorrectly credited for the interview with Tracey Moffatt. The letter between was actually conducted by John Casson and Patricia Cayula.

*Cinema Papers* apologises to Bore, Moffatt and Casson. As for Cayula, he's entitled to his credit even in a while.



Self-port



# Paul COX

In this two-part interview, Andrew L. Urban questions writer-director Paul Cox (above) about the shooting of his latest film, *Exus*, while Raffaele Caputo discusses with Cox the soon-to-be-released *THE NUN AND THE BANDIT*.

trait of an exile



## Exile

Exile is set in the 19th Century. A young man, Peter (Adam Young), is banished to an island for stealing a few sheep. There he lives, "fighting the demons of his past and the ghosts of his present", until the arrival of a young woman, Mary (Beth Champion). Whereas God-fearing citizens of the mainland loath of their life together, they deem that the two be married.

The film is based on *Fraser Island*, a novel by the little-known Scottish writer E. L. Grant Watson. It was that on the largely deserted Foyersian Peninsula on the west coast of Tasmania, where Cox was interviewed while in production.

The location obviously plays an important part in *Exile*. How did you find it?

I had always wanted to shoot on Maria Island. We sent four people on a little plane to do some looking around, but nothing was really a chance. Then, a week or two later, I drove into Gene's Bay. I chartered a boat and went to Schooner Island. I had this idea that the film should be shot on a real island. But, although it was very beautiful and unspoiled, it compared the island with the fact that it was so easy to film everything on the coast and make it look like an island. So, I went back and this filmmaker then took me to a few other places. Suddenly, I knew the Cove's Bay location was just on.

The novel is actually set in Scotland, where the story really happened two centuries. In fact, there is an actual Fraser Island near Scotland. Because of that, I felt the film had to have something of that feeling within Australia. I found it on the coast in Tasmania, which has such an ancient quality.

I also discovered this bay was a favourite gathering ground for the Aborigines. There are rock carvings that look like they were done by the sea, but I've seen they're Aboriginal. They used to come here, partly because the weather was very mild. It is a very sacred, holy place and one of the last paradises on earth. You never find anything on the beach's very clean and clean. Put your foot in the ocean and a fish comes out. It's like it used to be.

Did you discover the book a long time ago?

No. Somebody had written a script based on Grant Watson's novel and given it to me about three pages ago. I didn't take it to it at all and put it aside. But the writer became a friend. He was quite persistent and then he told me he had found Watson's daughter still living in England. She sent me *The New and the Old*, which I read and found very fascinating.

These things tend to hit you at a time in your life when you are ready for something else. Most of my films had been set in small rooms and I was ready to get out of that claustrophobia. I needed to breathe. That is how *The New and the Old* happened. Later on, the daughter then sent me some more of her father's books, and one was called *Fraser Island*.

I read them all because I found his descriptions of landscape as striking as the way Patrick White writes about the land. It is quite spectacular when people can really explain the landscape to you, the clouds and the sea.

There was a holiday, which doesn't often happen, so this little island in Greece. I had *Fraser Island* with me and read it again. I then sat down and spent the next seven or eight days writing a script. I



worked very hard from very early in the morning to late at night. It never really changed after that.

Back in Australia it was, of course, the same old story. The BBC didn't select it for the Film Fund. When I later saw the films that came out of that Fund, I was really upset once again. It was all very silly because the BBC totally ignored and misinterpreted the script. In the end, we got the money together with the BBC's help, but only half the money I actually needed.

In what way was the script misunderstood?

Most of the scenes in the script involve a description of the land, the atmosphere of the sea, the way the sky is crossing the atmosphere, and how that doesn't what people say. The real protagonists are the sea and the land, and it's very hard for people with little imagination to read this sort of thing.

So, there is a lyrical-poetic quality to the story and setting.

It is more metaphysical, because in the book there is a ghost. The ghost comes and talks to this isolated man and teaches him, which is a very old-fashioned concept.

While I was writing the script, I thought, "Well, they make films in Hollywood called *Ghost* that have great effects which nobody believes and everybody enjoys." So, I decided to make the ghost (Norman Karp) very real. He is like a friend who travels with Peter (Adam Young), but who every now and then suddenly pops up or disappears. The ghost also communicates things so that Peter reveals. We are so addicted to the flesh, so this life, that we never see the universe and how small we are. So the ghost communicates for a woman from the village, Mary (Beth Champion), to come and live with Peter, which is not really in the book.

People in Hollywood get away with the most extraordinary nonsense, so I thought I felt I could certainly do it and still keep it very real.

So, while you question a lot of the things Hollywood does, you also see its poetic or artistic beauty?

Yes, and even more so because I have some very fine, young, popular actors and actresses. They weren't chosen for any commercial reason, but because the story asked for them.

There was difficulty in the beginning making it all clear, and some of an actually understated actor was going on. But it all fell beautifully into place and the actors contributed enormously.



As you know, I usually work with the same people, but on this film I have had a total change and turn-around, which for me was very difficult. Of course, a few of my usual actors appear in minor parts.

Erle has a strong everybody can understand and digest, and has very popular young actors. But it's not just a normal story, it has an incredible spirit, and things which throw it in a totally different dimension. As I grow older, I believe less and less in religion, but I believe more and more in religion.

#### Religious or spiritual?

It is basically the same thing.

Can you elaborate on those other elements?

Again, the most important aspect is the comment on society. We're very spoilt people. We have everything and everybody has enough to eat, yet we are worried about totally the wrong problems.

I saw this programme once when young people were asked what they would do if they had a lot of money and all of them came up

When the people on the mainland realise that not only is he surviving, but living with Mary and having a child, the priest takes on his friend and says, "Every time on a clear day you can see part of the island looming in the distance, most of us feel ashamed." Ah, the luxury of that righteous society? If they could only accept the lesson of what happens on the island, where there are none of the rules. They have just one another and nature, and are very close.

Basically, our society is not of men with nature and, because of that, out of touch with itself. Individuals rather meekness and become part of this very deadly course that we are on, so they blossom away from it all.

In the end, Peter doesn't rescue Mary in the name of God, but in the name of the land and the spirits. In this respect, it is a very beautiful, romantic story. It is also a very telling story about the way we are going.

Being from the devil's advocate, why is the PFC putting money into a film which, while not questioning what you've passed about women society in general, has nothing specific to say about Australia?

Why does the Film Finance Corporation put money into films like *Turtle Beach* and all the other unbelievable, ridiculous movies that cost \$5 to \$10 million to \$15 million and are not even released? What has *Turtle Beach* to do with Australia? What has *Green Card* to do with Australia? What a ridiculous thing that was putting money into *Green Card*.

So, on this level, I can't even answer the question. I make films for people, not for Australia or anybody else in particular.

At the same time, I'm much more proud of Australia than most Australians, even though I'm not Australian. I'm still working here, when I would have gone overseas years ago, if I'd been sensible in terms of work. What is Australia? What are Aussies like? It is ludicrous thinking and I have no concept of it.

I once had a bad fight at Cannes when I said I was a Victorian filmmaker and not an Australian filmmaker. Philip Adams and Kim Williams got very angry with me, but I thought there was some value in it because Film Victoria was the only corporation which had continuously supported me. I couldn't say that about the Australian Film Commission or any other other bodies because they have either completely ignored me or reluctantly allowed me to continue.

I'm very Australian in my convictions and in my beliefs and in using Australian actors. We've some fantastic talent here. Isabelle Huppert and Bruce Papes are the only people I've ever worked with outside of all this.

In the story of Erle is any way symbolic of your position as a filmmaker? You are more highly respected by filmmakers and audiences in the U.S. and Europe than you are in Australia. Does that make you feel like an exile here?

Every film you do with your heart and soul, even every portrait and picture of the landscape you do as a photographer, is a self-portrait. You can't help it, because that is all you have to give.

Of course, I would never have taken the story of Erle so strongly unless I had seen so many frightening parallels. But, on a hyperbole, I think anybody who thinks, struggles, feels and communally questions is an exile.

I also live in a country that is not my own. I can't go back to my own country, so I don't know where I am. I have no home.



with the most hideous success. Until I was 33 or 35, I never even questioned whether it was money in my pocket. It didn't matter then, though it seems very important now.

Erle is about how society gives people totally the wrong values. Though set in the last century, there were so many parallels with today.

Peter is forced away from society for stealing a few sheep. The people on the mainland want to hang him, but, because he is so young, he is sent to this island. He suddenly has to go back to the earth and survive for himself. Only later does he realise he is in prison.

1. And so, Philip Adams was Chairman of the Australian Film Commission, while Kim Williams was an Chief Executive.
2. For the record, it should be noted that all of Cor's dramatic features since *Crimes* (1986) have had AFC or PFC involvement, apart from *Film Victoria* support. The AFC financially backed *Crimes* and recently funded *Golden Breath* (1991), while the PFC has financed *Consequences*, *A Woman's Tale* (1990), *The Run* and the *Beasts and Birds*.



ADAMS, ADAM (FROM LEFT); ADAMS, ADAM (FROM LEFT) AND ADAMS, ADAM (FROM LEFT) AND ADAMS, ADAM (FROM LEFT)

You maintain very strongly that you are an Australian filmmaker.

No, a filmmaker living in Australia.

In *Exile*, the question of where it is set doesn't arise. Was that a conscious decision to make the film universal?

Yes, because it's not relevant.

Look at America, where they have this false sense of nationalism and patriotism. At the time of the Civil War, there was a crazy law in Pennsylvania where you couldn't be buried unless you had a looking American flag for a hat, even if you came from somewhere else. Why is it that when patriots have something so defined they become the aggressors?

I'm very glad all that by passed me totally, because patriotism is an act of aggression. You can love your country, and the Greeks have a marvelous saying, "Wherever I stand, Greece swears me." That's good enough. The Greeks don't have that aggression. They don't go around saying you must do this or that. You they are very proud of being Greek, and I love them for that.

On the other hand, when an American travels somewhere, he puts up a Kentucky Fried Chicken outlet and goes to eat at Pizza Hut. American cannot possibly understand that there is a world outside of their narrow thinking because they are all patriots, and there is nothing worse than a patriot on that level.

Do you think of your filmmaking in terms of political action?

Yes. If you make films about the human condition, it's an extremely political act. It is against the very act of filmmaking and I, because that's about money and business, and about human issues. Film is like a product on the shelves in the supermarket. It won't be bought if it makes people feel uneasy, or if it doesn't make the false state more secure there.

It's a very political act to make my films and get away with it. There are quite a few of my films that are in the black, otherwise I could never go on.

Also, don't forget I make them very cheaply, and I work unusually hard. There is a lot of opposition to that.

Most of the people who have viewed in my films, during the 1980s period and all that, very early came back and invest again because I don't disappoint them. If people put money into a film that loses money, and another one makes money, then I will give them their money back. That is how I've been able to keep going.

At what point does the filmmaking process most satisfy you?

At what time does life most satisfy you? You can never give your dreams proper form and shape. It's impossible.

But do you feel you're getting closer? Does perfection make perfect?

No, it's like the movie comes in waves. The talent comes in and they go. Sometimes you have moments when you go you can't keep up and have to let go. You have to wait for the next wave, but a film you can do.

When do you feel you can best assess how well you have made a film?

Editing gives moments of great satisfaction. Even if I don't do the actual editing myself, I am always there.

With editing, you know what you have and can model it, make something up. I think of a film as a sculptor making a sculpture. I love it very much and spend much more time now in post-production. I never did that before.

What about in the finished product is the moment when you can objectively stand back and look at it?

Only years later can you do that properly.

Have you looked at any of your previous work lately?

No. Films are really like children. They go out into the world, have to be raised, and you lose contact, others come back and you talk to them. But, no, I can never sit through them again. It's finished, it's over.

In another way, though, I am haunted by them. They haven't died. Most other films seem to die, but mine travel all the time and keep telling and screaming. I even have to employ people to keep looking after them, which was never the idea.

At what point do you feel most connected to the film?

During the making I am very attached. I will travel with a movie that is in post. It's madness, and dangerous. I also devote people to the very edge, impact that.

Is that weakness your own fault?

No, I am filled with faith. Sometimes I think it's an unusual quality, though it's also very annoying.

You can't film for too long because you sleep very little; the film becomes too important. It's the only chance that you have.

You have a rich and diverse range of projects either in production or pre-production. Do you feel this is a particularly rewarding phase of your career?





SHANNON (SHOULDER) SHANNON (SHOULDER) SHANNON (SHOULDER) SHANNON (SHOULDER) SHANNON (SHOULDER) SHANNON (SHOULDER) SHANNON (SHOULDER) SHANNON (SHOULDER) SHANNON (SHOULDER) SHANNON (SHOULDER)

I don't call it a career, I call it a curse. I've never made a career out of filmmaking, it just happened to me. I really never set out with dreams like that, it just happened.

But, yes, these are the best years because I have done away with a lot of that. If you don't have to compromise, it's easy to let something go to your head. So, it's very important to travel through all the ego nonsense and be yourself. I traveled through that a few years ago. Now it doesn't matter any more. I don't need the world. I live a very included life.

These are very fine years for me. I feel I'm getting closer to a level of sufficient consciousness to do it properly. I think *Enke* will be quite fine. It's a very ready-made beautifully-made, beautiful by itself and composed film. Whether it will be popular or not the world, I don't know. It will take time, but it will be all right. I never felt this confident about any of my other films.

## The Nun and the Bandit

*The Nun and the Bandit*, also based on a novel by E. L. Grant Watson, is the story of Michael Shannon and his brother, who are 1940s outlaws. After red over his leg been disappointed of an inheritance, they start a revenge by kidnapping their wealthy 14-year-old second cousin, Julia Shannon (Charlotte Hughes Haywood). But things go very when her chaperone was, Saint Lucy (Gosia Dobrowolska), refuses to abandon her charge.

Start line your second Maiden and Baccara Marsh, the film is indicative of Con's increasingly mature style of filmmaking.

Con was interviewed about the film two days before the film's Australian premiere at the Melbourne Film Festival.

Apart from the aspect of landscape, what appealed to you about the novel?

I don't like Watson's scenes that much - they are quite violent - but his descriptions of landscape, and how people relate to it, are great. Very few people really taking to or understand the land. To really belong, you must be able to describe what you see.

I find a lot of Australian films set in the country show nothing but red dirt, which doesn't appeal to me. Australia is a wild country with an incredible variety of landscapes. But this is never mirrored in our films. There is just this one flat, dusty image of a few sheep being rounded up and a red sun hanging low. The Australia I know is very different from that and I have always been looking for a vehicle to describe that.

In *The Nun and the Bandit*, I wanted the landscape to be a stage. In *Enke*, the landscape is the protagonist, it motivates people. The first is a so-called religious film, while the latter is much more amorphous.

In Australia, *The Nun and the Bandit* won't be appreciated on any level. That's why I don't want to have anything to do with a release. I've had enough shot thrown at me here. It's not only this film, but most of my films. A Watson's Tale was a big success everywhere around the world and ran for a long time, except in Melbourne where it was passed on and ran for a week. It is either strange that it should be like that in this country. It's another reason to escape to the landscape at times.

Many Australian films which depict a vast, barren landscape are exploring the idea of a culture that needs to be invented upon this emptiness. *The Nun and the Bandit* explores the idea of a culture already there within the landscape, which it tries to draw out.



# THANKS A MILLION, AMERICA

"Those who find most Aussie films irritatingly  
safe and serious may welcome this  
walk on the wild side".

VARIETY

"... enjoyable ... perverse ... brilliant ..."

SEATTLE POST

"Like 'Final Analysis' and 'Fatal Attraction',  
Howson's film warns against thinking with our  
hormones, against wanting things we don't need.

"Hunting" equates lust with sin and punishes  
obsession with rape and death".

WASHINGTON POST

"... it's right up there with Brian De Palma's  
'Scarface', Luchino Visconti's  
'The Damned', and Adrian Lyne's  
'9½ weeks'".

BOSTON GLOBE

# HUNTING



BOULEVARD

# Com of

FROM IT'S OWN ORIGINAL STORY  
AND SEVERAL OTHER TALENTS OF  
HOLLYWOOD THE ENTERTAINMENT



# mining

## Age



Notes  
towards a  
re-appraisal

RAFFAELE CAPUTO

THEY  
ALL SAY WE'RE YOUNG  
AND STILL DON'T KNOW,  
WE WON'T FIND OUT  
UNTIL WE GROW.

EDMUND & CREE

I imagine the last scene of a film in which a budding young man struts a disco pose on rock, or a waltzing on an outdoor unconsciously country setting. His point of view of the surroundings from a vantage point. He has a clear view of everything on the horizon, and it seems as though he can reach out even further. He is at the end of an endless journey in which, plunged through his first heart-rendering experience, he has let go, most passionately love. The love precipitates the gain, the experience that we learn closer to adulthood, and now the world before him has opened up to take him in. This is something like the ending to Robert Mulligan's *Summer of '42* (1971), and it's the prototypical image of a coming-of-age.

If memory serves well, in the 1980s the notion of a coming-of-age had to do, politically, with the sparks of an economic turn-a-round (or was it a turning triumph?), as both a description of the nation's character, and as promise of better things to come for the whole nation. Culturally, it had more currency as a description for the film industry of 1970s and early '80s. Perhaps that is good reason why Australian films that dealt with very particular tragedies of war – *Breaker!*

*Movie* (Bruce Beresford, 1980) and *Gallipoli* (Peter Weir, 1981)—were the sort of international success we could be proud of—we laughed under the rule of an unjust imperial power being the metaphor for the nation's flawed innocence, and the mythological catalyst for a historical turning point.

Yet generally the coming-of-age notion seems to get the best history power from films dealing the conflicts of new sexual mores emerging out of the dying days of good old times. Australian cinema has its fair share of films with a coming-of-age bent and it might be worthwhile schematizing a few of the preoccupations, especially given that three Australian films of late—*Love in Limbo* (David Black), *The Heartbreak Kid* (Michael Jenkins) and the soon-to-be-released *The Notionist Kid* (Rob Fildes)—in one way or another have been labelled coming-of-age films.

At close inspection, the intriguing aspect of a coming-of-age theme is that the films never quite turn out the way they are supposed to turn out. There is something profoundly naïve and rather innocent about the whole notion of discovering a new horizon when a young boy's romantic relationship with a woman, usually much older, pushes him closer to manhood. It's something akin to the clinical subtextual world filled with robots that results from the nightmare encounter between Jeffrey (Kyle MacLachlan) and Dorothy (Isabella Rossellini) in *Blue Velvet* (1986), though David Lynch's vision is a parody of the expectations of adult life awaiting Jeffrey after his overcomes his "years of passage" journey.

Films with a coming-of-age theme have a tendency to start off too innocent and move progressively toward keeping the libido in check, or keeping it socially acceptable. The strongest counter-attack to this cynical perspective comes from the 1950s and the unlikely camp of Jerry Lewis, perhaps because Lewis' films never seem to begin or to be happy, but at the end.

In films like *The Ladies' Man* (1961), where the newly-graduated Herbert H. Herbert witnesses the heart-shattering event of his college sweetheart in the arms of another man, his baroque display of pain is gaudy, his heart is staggering back to his parents in a form of awakening—but an awakening of an infantile, regressive state, soon induced by understanding a sexually organized way. "MAY!"

It makes sense that Lewis be brought into the framework. First, because the 1950s and '60s is generally the period most favoured by coming-of-age pics. *Love in Limbo*, for example, opens a good deal of energy in depicting the gaudy, colour-saturated look that is reminiscent of many Jerry Lewis-Frank Tashiro movies of the late 1950s and early '60s. Black even pays added tribute by throwing in a few clips from Tashiro's *The Girl Can't Help It* (1956).

Second, and more important, Lewis exemplifies the type of figure the protagonist of a coming-of-age film definitely wants to leave behind. As Raymond Douglas once wrote, "Jerry Lewis films are about how difficult it is to build yourself into a reasonable, adaptable person." By the end of *The Ladies' Man*, just when Herbert scraps through his initiation, he struts like a cock-burlesque dancer illegally masqueraded into the MGM lion, and a token of the character's repressed libido.

In this respect, apart from owing its period look to Lewis and Tashiro, *Love in Limbo* cannot hold any further comparison. The



central point of concern is that Lewis (or Tashiro) isn't looking back at the period; he is a part of it. Lewis can be immature, but not nostalgic, which is what coming-of-age films usually have a tendency of doing.

Nostalgia brings *Love in Limbo* closer to *American Graffiti* (1973), so that the use of 1950s artifacts and "Collage by DeLuxe" production design makes a play for the period's supposed mood of innocence. But *Love in Limbo* plays it straight down the line. Ken (Craig Adams) is a sex-obsessed teenager who fantasizes vividly about his English teacher and sister's girlfriend, and has an adept hand at sketching the female form. His coming-of-age experience with mature women is an encounter to a whorehouse in Kalgoorlie has only put into practice what he already knows in his mind.

The world of teenage Ken and the desire to lose his virginity is completely standard. By the end of *Love in Limbo*, Ken is really an innocent adult, just as he was an innocent teenager (that is to say, a virgin) at the start of the film. His encounter to the brother is only made him ready to be passed off for marriage to a nice, virginal Greek girl. The experience and its consequences seem unconnected to any idea of a change in social and sexual mores.

The film's guiding principle is really that a young man should "grow a few wild ones" before settling down, so while there is nostalgia for a period, there isn't a sense of history in *Love in Limbo*.



Films with a coming-of-age theme have a tendency to start off sex-obsessed and move progressively toward keeping the libido in check, or keeping it socially acceptable.



What makes the loss of innocence (psychologically as well as physically) so believable in a film like *American Confessions* is that the innocence of the period is also about to end, for just around the corner are events like Vietnam, student unrest and the civil rights movement.

Like *Love in London*, *Rob-Elin's* *The Nostalgias of Ken* also takes us back to the 1950s and '60s period, but it is melancholy rather than celebratory nostalgia, and does better at intertwining personal obsessions with events of the wider world. The film isolates a formative moment in the life of Ken Ellis (Noah Taylor) at a Seventh Day Adventist camp in the late '50s, and then traces the psychological impact of those days into Ellis's life at Sydney University in the '60s with the backdrop of Cuban missile crisis.

Ellis' Ken, like many others, is an obsessed, questioning, and hungry for knowledge, and a game against the teachings of the Seventh Day Adventists. At the religious camp, he befriends Eliad with wrong beliefs at the end of the world. After an encounter with a beauty, Ellis is convinced of the arrival of the apocalypse at camp's end, and from his love for the pastor's daughter will never be disconnected.

Of course, the world does not end, but his experience has left a psychological mark he will carry into the future. While at University, still very much semi-obsessed, he falls in love with the regional

FROM LEFT TO RIGHT: JENNIFER JENNINGS, JENNIFER, AND NOAH TAYLOR STARRING IN *THE NOSTALGIAS OF KEN*. JENNIFER JENNINGS, JENNIFER, AND NOAH TAYLOR STARRING IN *THE NOSTALGIAS OF KEN*. JENNIFER JENNINGS, JENNIFER, AND NOAH TAYLOR STARRING IN *THE NOSTALGIAS OF KEN*. JENNIFER JENNINGS, JENNIFER, AND NOAH TAYLOR STARRING IN *THE NOSTALGIAS OF KEN*.

Jeanne O'Brien (Maranda Oros), the daughter of a highly successful newspaper man—and again encounters the end of the world in the form of the Cuban missile crisis.

This time with absolute belief that the end is nigh, Ellis convinces Jeanne to flee with him to the mountains in her father's stolen Jaguar. At one point in their flight to safety, the couple pause and look out of the lights of Sydney, and, while they gaze down, Ken projects a vision of the bomb going off and a mushroom cloud engulfing the city. But, of course, once again the end of the world is postponed. They return to Sydney and it's the beginning of the end and for Ken he must face a court order by Jeanne's father, he loses Jeanne and the closest companion, Mr. Alister (Jack Campbell). It seems the good times are over and Ken has to grow up.

It is no accident that Ellis and Noah Taylor as the lead, for Taylor comes uncoded from his role as the mafia Danny Fiddler in both of John Daquan's *The Year My Voice Broke* (1998) and *Fleeting* (1993).

Indeed, the respective characters of *The Nostalgias of Ken* and *The Year My Voice Broke* have much resemblance because both are

unstable man) and a happy will be. The code for making them so in the world is not whether the world will take them in, but whether they will take in the world. This is a code which is the repeated message on the coming-of-age film, and brings *The Nonconformist* and a lot closer to the similarity of Lewis.

The last sequence of the film flashes forward twenty or more years from the special events of 1962. Ken has obviously grown older; not weightier, he is married and a successful playwright. While one of his plays is being staged at the Opera House, he goes to see and meets a woman from University seated in the audience, now married and enjoying a better life. On the same evening, Ken happens to come across friends from his adolescent days. Disillusioned with the church, his friends are in Sydney teaching up on the things denied to them in their youth. As Ken later gains seat at the lights of Sydney from the Opera House, everyone seems to be a lot older and wiser, but suddenly he projects the vision of an immense confusion cloud going up over the city. Ken Elkin, and Danny Embling, never really grew up to be fully integrated into the world; they preserve and carry about them the obsessions of their childhood.

*The Nonconformist* and *The Four My Vices* break an old type that only appears to be oriented around the classical movement of a coming-of-age film. Another Australian film that should be seen from a similar perspective is *David in the Flesh* (1966), Scott Murray's graceful adaptation of Raymond Radigast's novel, *Le Diable au Corps*.<sup>1</sup>

*David in the Flesh* is set during World War II among the middle-class of rural Australia. It tells of a passionate love between a young woman, Marthe (Karin Calverley), and Paul (Keith Smith), an adolescent who suffers a punishing manhood. Marthe is daughter to a Finnish immigrant family, and married to an Italian who has been interned for the duration of the war. The affair between Marthe and Paul begins after she and her family seek the assistance of Paul's father in having her husband released.

But never *David* only is a coming-of-age film in a picaresque hole: the film too easily, and not to appreciate the restrained, intense and unexpected emotional and psychological changes of the central characters. As their affair progresses, much to the displeasure of Paul's parents, his response is always in remembrance of their feelings and authority. For Marthe, her relationship with Paul is clearly a very positive and liberating experience, but not one that is ready for Paul; their relationship is hurried until all their energies in his moments with Marthe.

While on the one hand Paul's affair with Marthe weakens a degree of independence, on the other his world is shrinking, and drifting of his own emotions. For instance, when Marthe is to visit her husband, Emanuele (Luciano Marazziti), in the internment camp, Paul reacts by picking up another woman (Lorena Elvin). It's an action resulting from personal jealousy but, curiously, there is also the sense of a predatory impulse. There appears to be a private reluctance of selfish conquest on his face, and he seems destined to become an emotional cripple.

Thus, if reflecting on the point of emotional impotence, one can imagine Paul as perhaps belonging to that lost generation of novel, say, Michelangelo Antonioni's *L'Adolescente* (1960) or Federico Fellini's *La dolce vita* (1960) for whom, by gaining too much too soon, adulthood is now tinged with world-weariness, and a hopeless longing for what they will never have.

*The Heartbreak Kid* works a pain from the style of *David in the Flesh*, but has similar ingredients for a classical coming-of-age film:

a mature woman who is a teacher, an adolescent who is her student, and a set of familial characters hostile on their relationship. That she is a teacher and a student is not significant, given that a coming-of-age theme is typically about awakening knowledge of the world.

But *The Heartbreak Kid* reverses the expectations of a 'teacher' introducing a novice to the adult world. The reason teacher becomes student is essentially because the relationship is not played against the backdrop of an innocent period about to foreclose. The film, instead, pushes its story deep among the working-class, ethnic community, and hits at being under the values of the old world, particularly for women.

Christina (Claudia Karvan) is 22 years old and starts out in the film with her future already mapped out for her. She is looking down the barrel of marriage to Drumm (Scott Baumann), an upwardly-mobile Greek-Australian, which means an end to her career, both and a house across the street from her parents. This all changes when she takes to the famous chain of her 17-year-old problem-student, Nick Polakis (Alan Dando).

It's interesting that by the end of the film Nick is still basically the same kid. His sense of obligation to old values, social behavior, or what is right or wrong, have not yet fully emerged. He only seems to know what he wants, and has an uneasy ability to understand Christina's thoughts. Prior to any sense of actual awakening, Nick already has a freedom which comes from youth.

Christina, on the other hand, could only hope for such freedom. As a consequence of her relationship with Nick, she must face the rigors of crossing a professional and social barrier, and discover in the eyes of her family and friend. But for Christina, who basically lived under the shadow by her father and whom her destiny was not of her own making, the relationship gives her a new perspective on her life, a new-found confidence in making her own decisions. She leaves the school, moves out of home, leaving behind the values of the old world, and decides to travel and further her education.

Like the vintage genre usually reserved for young men, Christina uses a point in her life where she seems able to reach further than the horizon. From this perspective, *The Heartbreak Kid* is still conventional material. But, like *David in the Flesh*, it is an evolution of the traditional coming-of-age film by being vitally concerned with the position of women and by transcending an ethnicity.

*David in the Flesh* does that, too, by discussing the maturation of Italian boys during the war and the reputation of POWs that followed. It looks at what the consequence of a new Australian, one less bound by the repressive English values of the pre-war years (which colour Paul's world).

In the latter scene Paul goes, Paul visits Marthe and Emanuele, now released, and sees his and Marthe's child for the first time. Contrary to any expectation of a revenged Italian husband, Emanuele is instead most understanding of Paul's suffering and sensitive to his wife's feelings and needs. One wonders how Marthe and Emanuele have grown far more than Paul, away from Anglo-Greek notions of patriotism and passivity to a more European equality, openness and warmth. This seems to mirror the important changes that began in Australia at the time and continue to this day.

In that sense, *David in the Flesh* is not a coming-of-age film set in a period of lost innocence, but signals a new, more humane, dawn. It is not a film of nostalgia but of beginnings.

1. Declaration. Scott Murray is the editor of *Christina Figures*.

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PRODUCTION DESIGNER: JAMES HARRIS  
EXECUTIVE PRODUCERS: JAMES HARRIS AND JAMES HARRIS  
PRODUCED BY JAMES HARRIS AND JAMES HARRIS  
WRITTEN BY JAMES HARRIS AND JAMES HARRIS  
DIRECTED BY JAMES HARRIS

# The Heartbr

T

HE HEARTBREAK Kid concerns the coming of age of a 23-year-old Greek teacher, Christina (Claudia Karvan) who falls in love with a soccer-obsessed, 17-year-old schoolboy, Nick (Alex Dimitriades). Their relationship challenges not only notions of age difference and teacher responsibility, but the restrictiveness of some aspects of Greek culture and the racism endemic to Australian society. Based on a stage play by Richard Barrett, the film was directed by Michael Jenkins, best known for his ground-breaking work in the television series, *Scales of Justice* and *The Leaving of Liverpool*. His other theatrical features are *Rites* (1985), David Williamson's *Emeralds City* (1989) and *Sweet Talker* (1991).

After doing a degree in English and Philosophy, Jenkins went to the ABC, where he worked as a journalist for a couple of years, including as the Canberra press gallery. He then did "a very interesting 12-week production course" at the ABC, which led to work as a first and second assistant (during the early days of television drama). Becoming involved in screenwriting and editing eventually led to directing 32 episodes of *Bellbird*.

Jenkins: Those were the days of full-on, multi-camera treatment for drama. The single camera technique hadn't emerged by then. My whole training was in the electronic sense on shows like *Bellbird* and *Caroline Wilson*.

One thing that backgrounded gives you is a certain amount of discipline in terms of planning. After all, you had to construct and edit the entirety of a drama programme in one or two days. You had to know very close you wanted and the battle was to keep some flexibility with the actors. It was very much a planning-oriented introduction to filmmaking.

How would you describe your directing style today?

I've worked with actors and like to thank on my film a lot. I work very closely with the DOP, but above all I like to work with the actors in the rehearsal process. To some degree, I allow the shooting style to evolve from that.

One thing I've gotten into these days is a shooting style that doesn't distract to the actors, or to me, what can be done. It's very easy to let the mechanics of the shoot take over, which often results in a technical film that doesn't have a simplicity or truth about it. Everybody, particularly the actors, become alien to the process.

The most exciting thing I find about filmmaking is the chance in which you can take a piece of material and develop it. For that you really need rehearsal space. Very few people were a

DIRECTOR MICHAEL JENKINS INTERVIEWED BY PAT GILLESPIE

# Break Kid



The schoolyard scenes in *Heartbreak* are very much an example, in a fairly actor-centered way, of what I was saying earlier, where we created the sequence and only then worked out how to photograph it. We very much set up a shot and said, "Okay, you're to throw this punch here because the camera is here."

The good thing about this approach is that you can photograph action with one, two, three or four cameras. In the schoolyard, we were squaring off like nine two or three cameras at a time. That is a good way to work on a tight Australian schedule because you can get a lot of material and excitement happening. If you liberally work shot to shot and set

things up, like a puppeteer, you can lose that richness, especially on the ridiculous, staged-by-the-schedule that we have in Australia.

What kind of pre-production and shooting time did you have?

We had six weeks, but they were five-day weeks. And because of the days were we in a budgetary position to shoot any kind of extensive overtime.

But that can be kind of liberating as well. You can still be adventurous with the actors and achieve the schedule.

Do you storyboard?

Yes. I think the two things are compatible. Storyboarding gives you a kind of reference or anchoring point, which is what we would have needed to do on *Heartbreak*. It does also depend on the DOP that you work with. Nina [Marratzi] likes to think on his feet a lot.

In the previous piece I did, *The Learning of Liverpool*, I spent a week locked in a room with Steve Windsor, a Sydney-based DOP, the production designer, the first assistant, the camera operator and the clutch artist. It was quite democratic; neither would like me to pull apart a scene and make suggestions about key visual ideas.

The whole point of the planning process is to create freedom for those few shooting days that you have. Without this freedom, you cannot explore any kind of boundaries, such as the level of improvisation you see in a lot of modern American cinema. You get the feeling that a lot is happening, that was never written down on a typewriter, which is exciting for audiences to relate to. That is where my current line – much more than in visual techniques. I don't care about them to be perfectly honest.

How much time did you spend with the actors on *The Heartbreak Kid* prior to shooting?

We had three weeks. Six weeks would have been a lot, but better as we still had heaps to do after those weeks.

As a side note, the film looks as multi-culturalism and the racism sometimes associated with that.

We didn't want to make a film about the multi-racial question or drag our issues about racism – we just wanted those things to be there. We didn't want the film to be self-conscious about its multi-cultural component.

I don't think Christina's plight only applies to someone of a specific ethnic background. It is about a young person getting themselves consumed by a young person's life before having explored one's own choices. Without making the bloody thing around too pomp-

scene in a way that is automatically becomes a perfect scene in the film.

Nowadays, I am less obsessed with the visual techniques, or in getting lots of pretty and complex shots, and more interested in becoming one plot, more focused. My first big shooting style is quite evident in *Scales of Justice* and *The Learning of Liverpool*.

How much improvisation is there in *The Heartbreak Kid*?

Quite a lot, actually. Some things we actually wrote in the rehearsal room, while many others we modified quite strongly.

The script had undergone many drafts, but we felt that as some scenes it could still work better. Richard Barrett, the writer of the stage play and the co-writer of the screenplay, and I went through quite a bit during the rehearsal.

The transition from stage play to film can be difficult, but there is an evidence of that in *The Heartbreak Kid*.

It can be difficult and I don't think we moved around and result easily. We ended up doing six or seven drafts and the various parties involved had lots of criticism and suggestions. The script only became an entry into itself, and the stage play receded into the distance, when we weren't afraid to change anything.

The interesting thing is that Richard Barrett, who originated the material, enjoyed the process of changing things. He didn't feel a need to hang onto old material.

Can you give a few examples of changes you made?

In the stage play, the romance between Christina and Nick is limited to holding hands on a park bench. The film goes a degree further than that.

It has a lot of new characters and lots of new sequences, going into whole new areas. For instance, we introduced a new history for the boy's family and we developed the schoolyard obsession with racism.

As for Christina, the relationship with her husband-to-be wasn't really central in the stage play, and her whole family background was never really entered into in the same way.

You spoke earlier about the shooting style and how you used to create a feeling of intimacy and energy, which is particularly noticeable in the schoolyard scenes involving racism and racism.

Since *Scales of Justice* and *The Learning of Liverpool*, one of the things that makes my work is a certain amount of freedom in terms of using a hand-held camera. *Scales* was one of the first things in Australian television to really go handily down that road.

ous, the film is about personal freedom.

In the boy's case, it is a fairly clear situation of growing up. I quite like the social context the film is placed in. He is a kid with a single parent, a boy who has huge potential and real leadership. He gains enough self-confidence through his relationship with Christina to know that, if he wants something, he can do it.

What other themes were you interested in exploring?

I suppose the film is about danger and promise—danger because the young, but and the teacher become involved in something, which crosses social barriers of duty and obligation, about what is right and proper in our community. They enter a dangerous and risky territory which puts in jeopardy their family relationships and has consequences. They also both very much run the risk of falling into one of those kinds of affairs that could easily result in damage. As a man, I can't say, but I could love her.

Christina also runs the risk of disgrace in her own family. Nick, too, could easily be regarded by his school peers as working something for them, because they actually like this teacher and the effect of this affair is that she is driven away from school.

The promise aspects that it is in a dual-ended street. There is the promise of social excitement and personal exploration for both.

What do you consider to be the most interesting aspect of your work: writing or directing?

Directing. My main input into filmmaking, as far as writing goes, has been to be involved in the creation of scripts. In a few cases, that has involved co-writing.

On *Heartbreak*, Richard and I worked on and off for two years on various drafts. But I much prefer directing.

How do you feel about crossing the line between television and cinema?

On television productions, scripts generally emerge without heavy-duty research and grounding. A producer, director and writer might set aside a year to develop a thing before it becomes a reality, but they will typically give a writer some money and say, "In twelve weeks we want a draft." Unless that writer is securing something major and personal that he or she already has insight into, or is adapting a terrific book, you can't do it.

I think a lot of times our films are not wise-enough or informed enough. It is a bit much—22. I could rant around and say, Australian writers, producers and directors don't get enough backing to do their own thing, but finally that is not the answer. You can only look at what is. I don't think we do enough work. If we are to come up with strong films, then we need to do more research. By "strong" I don't mean it has to be social-realist material; you can call *Strictly Ballroom* strong.

What future projects are lined up?

Brendan and I are working on a film. It is at script stage and I'm writing it. It is about eight nights, set in Australia and the strongest subject matter I've come across in quite a while, if we get it right. It is a very hard-edge piece of material. It takes a number of society that has very few rights left and is in the most dire straits.

The screenplay will be ready in the next few months. It is not a high-budget idea, but that's all I can say about it at the moment.

## REN GANNON Producer of 'The Heartbreak Kid'

Not all producer-director relationships are harmonious, yet you have worked successfully with Michael Jenkins on a number of films.

Tough word, I have never fallen out with a director I've worked with. This is the third time I have worked with Mike, on *Street Talker*, *Daydream Believer* and *The Heartbreak Kid*. I have a tremendous respect for directors and I don't want to be on myself. A lot of producers want to be directors, which can cause a lot of friction. I don't enjoy being on the set all the time. It is too important.

Apparently, the Nine Network has shown interest in a series based on *The Heartbreak Kid*.

We're having conversations with Nine. It has bought the film and is very enthusiastic about it.

We've put a proposal to Nine for taking the basic setting of the film as a blue-collar, very multi-cultural high-school. We are trying to present a contemporary Australia which is not a *Reverly Hills 90210* style Hollywood version, but actually real and true to our country in the 1990s. We would take the media's storyline that can flow from that. It won't be a soap. It will be more along the lines of a *Mad Street* film, with a bit of hard edge and realism to it.

Initially, we would do 13 one-hour programmes. Michael would probably direct the first one and would be part of the overall script supervisory unit. We would bring in other writers and directors.

In early days and I wouldn't make too much out of it, but certainly we are talking and working on it as a future project.

What is the marketing plan for *The Heartbreak Kid*?

The film is targeted two ways. We've not agreed it with questionnaire and we know quite a lot about how the film plays. It plays extremely well to females 12 to 45, which is a very wide audience. The male audience is not quite so wide. The target audience is male and female 12 to 45. The first thrust of the campaign is to reach.

The second thrust is to the older female audience. Female audiences love very strongly the journey Christina takes. Obviously, there is the "spark factor" of Nick, but the fact that Christina actually goes through this liberating journey is something a female audience identifies with.

We're also doing a lot of word-of-mouth campaigns with soccer clubs and Greek clubs. The screenplay is being published by Cannyon Press, which is something it does a lot now with Australian films, and there is no enormous amount of promotion with other associated campaigns, such as *Myra's Caravan* film, *Southdown* Press, *Temple* etc.

Polygram got involved very early in the piece and we've put together a soundtrack which contains largely of its artists or things we're re-recording old songs. We've spent a lot of time on the music. Polygram is putting out two singles and a soundtrack album, separate to the Village Roadshow campaign.

1. *Daydream Believer* (Ruth Martin, 1992) was produced by Ren Gannon. Michael Jenkins was the script editor.

# 46e INTERNATIONALE



Compared to past years, the 1993 Cannes International Film Festival and Marché was a lack-lustre event which began slowly and ended predictably. There were no shocks – except for Wim Wenders unaccountably winning the Grand Prix du Jury for *Far Away, So Close!* – and no dazzling talents unearthed from among the new directors. Tran Anh Hung's *The Smell of Green Papaya* which won the Camera d'Or was much admired, but it failed to elicit from delegates the same excited buzz that hailed such films as Jim Jarmusch's *Stranger Than Paradise* (1984), Patricia Rozema's *I've Heard the Mermaids Singing* (1987) or Jocelyn Moorhouse's *Proof* (1991).



# AL DU FILM DE CANNES



THOUGH THERE ARE PEOPLE SCREAMING AND THE KISSING, THERE'S ALSO TALKING IN JOHN CARRICO'S *THE POINT* (LEFT) AND THE BLOOD-AND-SEX *THEY'RE OUT THERE* (RIGHT). BOTH WILL BE SHOWN AT THE FESTIVAL, BUT NEITHER WILL BE RELEASED IN THE U.S. UNTIL NEXT CHRISTMAS

Several films in the Official Selection were solid and pedestrian, and a few downright poor (particularly Pope Avout's *Magnificent*, Abel Ferrara's *Body Snatchers* and Robert Young's *Lightning Men*). Despite the absence of euphoria, there were high spots, however: the handful of very fine films from established directors (Chen Kaige, Mike Leigh, Ho Yuen-Huen and Ken Loach) which will further consolidate their reputations; Jane Campion's epic romance, *The Piano*, which won the Palme d'Or for Best Film (along with Chen Kaige's *Summer*, *Bar Jo* (Hannaford to My Conscience), ranking her the first female director in the history of the Cannes Festival to do so; and the controversy sparked by the success of *The Piano* as to what constitutes the "nationality" of a film.

Several factors contributed to this being a flatter Festival than previously. For the first time in many years at Cannes, there was no dominant American presence to be felt, loved and craved by the Europeans. The object of the traditional trans-Atlantic love-hate relationship didn't come to the party.

This was visibly apparent during the first week when, with the exception of the opening night, the crowds milling on La Croisette around the giant staircase leading to the Grand Théâtre Lumière were notori-

ously thinner than in previous years. Only in the second week, when Elizabeth Taylor swoon into Cannes for an AIDS promotion, held in conjunction with Ramon Maelle's *Cliffhanger*, starring Sylvester Stallone, did the numbers swell to past levels, creating again for the appearance of Michael Douglas, the star of Joel Schumacher's *Falling Down*, and the extravagance of the closing ceremony.

Cannes shares on its symbiosis with Hollywood. Ever since the French recognized the importance of film as an export commodity and granted a film market onto this great annual festival, Cannes has gladdened on big name American actors to generate the glamour and publicity that will make Cannes, despite the inroads of other festivals, the world's premiere film event, second only in media exposure to the Academy Awards.

Hence, when the news broke that there would be a dearth of American films at Cannes this year, because the studios were not willing or able to complete their quota of summer blockbusters (since the Cannes, cybernetic were raised and speculation was nil).

Festival director Gilles Jacob let out at the studios for what he called "poor planning", while the studio heads, who have been pushing Cannes for some time for a

change in the Festival date to later in the year, repeated their complaints about having to rush to get films ready by May which are often not released in the U.S. until the fall, or even Christmas.

Competition amongst the Cannes organizers was further compounded by the absence of films from big name American actors such as Robert Altmann, Woody Allen, Steven Spielberg, James Ivory, Gus Van Sant and Martin Scorsese - all directors with films rumored to be near completion at the time, whose names alone can be guaranteed to give Cannes gloss.

It is not clear why Hollywood chose or wanted to this year make a "poor" presence. Certainly it is hard to over the notion that the global recession has made the funding of large-productions (such as Steven Spielberg's *Jurassic Park*) much harder and thereby influencing costs of film production and distribution have further widened the gap between the supply of funds and the ability to deliver the finished product.

Added to these difficulties, the progressive consolidation of the studios and their distribution networks has made film production even more difficult for the American independents.



But there are other reasons as well for Cannes losing as lustre this year. Technological advances (projectors, films and satellites) have globalised film markets. Indeed, some Festival die-hards were reported in the trade papers as questioning the justification for the three main film markets – Cannes, the American Film Market and MIPED – with one veteran going so far as to say that Cannes “is a festival the world doesn’t need any more.”

Film marketing as a year-round business. Technological advances in marketing and financing, and the speed with which financial transactions occur, have altered ways of doing business, as film as in everything else. Faced with this reality, the Cannes administration will need to fight harder to maintain Cannes’ pre-eminence in the face of competition from other markets, rapid changes in technology, and the growing popularity of other festivals such as Berlin, Venice, Toronto, Montreal and Sundance.

One effect of lower American films being screened at Cannes this year was the highlighting of offerings from other countries. Of the films in competition for the Palme d’Or, for example, four each came from France and the UK, three each from

Australia, Italy and the U.S., and one each from China, Russia, Taiwan, Spain, Germany and South Africa.

On the surface this looked exciting, as if other national film cultures were preparing to displace American dominance. But Cannes is no longer the forum most used to be. For instance, the Melbourne Film Festival, which picks the eyes from the major festivals around the world, including Cannes, in some ways is more representative of the world picture, and this year the Melbourne Festival featured an exciting mix of new films from Mexico, Asia, Iran, South America and Canada. The screening, too, of many good independent films from the U.S. is a reminder of the persistent energy of the American film industry.

On the other hand, this doesn’t negate the trends that were observable at Cannes this year: a strong resurgence of filmmaking in England, and the clear emergence of a vigorous film culture in Asia that is poised to take advantage of China’s version of market socialism. Given their prominence in competition, the French, Australian and Italian films were generally disappointing.

The opening night film from France, André Téchiné’s *Mr. Souissi Professe* (My

Parcours Souissi) was a cast in point and gave a dull, unimpeccable start to the Festival. Catherine Deneuve and Daniel Auteuil play middle-aged siblings who are forced to confront complex feelings for each other as they come to grips with the mental and physical decline of their mother. Although the films were expertly written for them by the director, *Deneuve* is miscast and never looks comfortable or convincing, while Auteuil is too blunt to be believable, and lacks credibility as a serious surgeon. Chiara Mastroianni, Deneuve’s off-screen daughter by Marcello, is one of those young people who drift in and out of the film meaninglessly. The film has with the underdeveloped script and Téchiné’s limp direction which is to give the film cohesiveness. Martin Vallières’s realistic portrait of the siblings’ ailing, dignified mother is the film’s saving grace.

Things couldn’t have been more different the following day with the premiere of Mike Leigh’s *Naked*. This is the British director’s best and most mature film to date. It’s also his bleakest. Previous Mike Leigh characters have fallen into two broad categories: those possessed with hysterical wit and those possessed largely at



seriously." Cameron should know. When his first feature, *Seventeen*, was presented at Cannes in 1989, the talents to crying her eyes out at the film's sexual rejection.

The *Passes* (not unlike Mike Leigh's *Naked*) represents a coming-together in total congruity of two considerable powers – a gift for off-beat narrative, lush visuals and a capacity to ravish the eye with strikingly beautiful images.

The drama evokes the brooding, romantic novels of the British romans. Ada (Holly Hunter), a naive woman, arrives on the beach at New Zealand in 1812 with her young daughter (Anna Paquin) to raise into an arranged marriage with a man (Sam Neill) she has never met. When her new husband forces her to leave her beloved parents on the beach, an act of petty tyranny that Ada cannot forgive, he sets in place a train of events that a linear leads to tragedy.

The American Holly Hunter, compared to the creature with rigid contours, no make-up, no dialogue and intense emotions, gives a marvellous performance which won her the Cannes best actress award. Harvey Keitel put in a commendable as the illiterate neighbour, Barnes, who takes the pains into his own house and uses it as an attic playhouse for his arrangement. Keitel is so totally at home in his new persona (which includes a male voice that is in odd with his customary rough-guy riffs) that he throws Neill's performance into the shade.

The *Passes* expand lesser films as well. Alexander Kham's long-winded *Dasha-Dasha* (Russia), about a young sculptor

who commits a series of crimes to finance the escape from a prison camp of a woman who is the end rejection, as case in point. It is too heavy and oblique as received as either drama or political allegory, which makes it an essay in futility as more ways than one.

Similarly difficult to watch, especially for those who remember *Wings of Desire* as one of the great films of the 1980s, is *Was Wunder? Für Adele, So Chast*. Set in a unified Berlin, this extraordinarily long sequel – in which the second angel Cassiel (Otto Sander) becomes human – attempts to recapture the magic of the first film but flounders up as a failed parody which even threatens to diminish the important poetry of the original. The supernatural story-line has uncomfortable parallels, too, with the wandering confusion which eventually made watching *Until the End of the World* (1991) such a chore. Nevertheless, Louis Malle and his Cannes jury thought sufficiently well of it to award it the Grand Jury prize.

On the other hand, Alain Cavalier's *Lovers Me* (France), which won the OCIC Ecumenical Jury Prize, is a strangely passionless indictment of totalitarianism that is maddening to watch for the same purity of its images. The narrative consists of brief scenes filmed against neutral interiors which snapshot the torture and execution of dissent living in a society much like our own. The bloodless, repetitious action unfolds slowly without dialogue, accompanied only by ambient sounds. Too cryptic and too abstract perhaps to make any profound statements about human

negot, *Lovers Me* nonetheless demands a response from the viewer, as the film's title implies.

Lauded by some, and thought too saccharine by others, was Steven Soderbergh's *King of the Hill* (U.S.). In a saga set in St Louis in the 1930s, adapted for the screen by Soderbergh from the memoirs of A. E. Hotchner, about the coming of age of a 12-year-old boy growing up during the depression in the 1930s.

Most disappointing from the Australian point of view were the films of the young Australians, Laurie McInnes, Stephen Elliott and Tracey Moffatt. They received a poor reception generally, although there were pockets of interest. All three directors have undeniable talent, but McInnes and Moffatt still have some way to go in marshalling skills. McInnes is an upstart and Moffatt in scriptwriting and direction.

Moffatt's *Broken Highway* is moody and visually compelling, but this isn't sufficient to sustain interest. Her story is so intricate and locked into mystery that it virtually doesn't consider the viewer, who is forced to remain outside the film's emotionally charged atmosphere in constant perplexity. Early scenes between Adam Young as Angel and Dennis Miller as Mike work very well, as do those with David Field as Tom. But without an antagonist, his scenes like Norman Kays and Bill Hunter are made to seem gratuitous.

Moffatt's *Reveler* is more problematic. Relying heavily on her strong visual sense, Moffatt's film compares three mythical ghost stories set in tropical Queensland, based on tales told by members of the Shuarin

a second stage, her style is eclectic and fragmentary, ranging as well from her "Queensland gothic" to a more naturalistic approach with sections of humour. For all its promises – subject interest and strong visuals – *Reveler* lacks rhythm (perhaps storyboarding and expert editing could help) and is dogged by strid along which is hard to pass off as style. *Night Over A Rural Tragedy* (Spain, 1990) succeeded not only because of its style but because it had structure. One has the feeling with *Reveler* that the three-in-one project was too ambitious.

Stephen Elliott's *Friends* is more accessible, but not necessarily more conventional. Elliott sees himself as an enfant terrible, perhaps even an Australian Sam Raimi. Certainly his film aroused strong feelings at Cannes.

*Friends* is bold and cheerful, a splashy film about teenage friends and personal goals that backfire



which doesn't take itself too seriously, while at the same time making a few nice points about human behavior. Blane directs with confidence and flair, and wrings good performances from Josephine Byrne, Hugo Weaving, and Phil Collins in particular, who seems made for the part. First-rate production design by Brian Thompson is crucial to the film, particularly Collins' home which resembles a set from *Toys*. Sadly, however, French runs out of steam, jokes wear thin and the film's conclusion feels pat and predictable.

On a more optimistic note, *Emerson to the Bridge of Friendship*, the debut short film of Christina Andreef, another New Zealander making films in America, which screened in 'Un Certain Regard', is a delight. Polished and quirky, it tells the story of Nedžadhodžević, a Bulgarian immigrant who writes a letter to a strange woman in Sydney, requesting sponsorship so that she can bring her ancient songs to a new land. Filmed in black and white and billed as a "silent musical", Andreef uses witticisms wilyly and inventively. In twelve minutes, Andreef has created a world of fantastically recognizable characters and a situation known only too well to most of us.

For a well-known filmmaker like Cameron is a little like sending a contestant of swimmers to the Olympics: everyone wants to see them, but there is huge disappointment if they lose. This is a cultural cliché of the west which because it blames the artist who, on the contrary, should be commended for forgoing into new forms of cinematic expression. Such cultural cringe condemns the artist and condemns the critic. It also raises the question of the nature of finding by state and federal bodies, and whether this should be either more conditional or come with more assistance with scripting and production.

Gilles Jacob, the director of the Cannes Festival who makes the final selection as to which films screen at Cannes, stands by his judgement and was the 1993 Australian critic in representing a second generation of filmmakers led by Cameron, whom he believes to be one of the five best directors in the world. In his office in the Palais, he assessed the strengths of each young director making debut films this year, and compared the five films and the sections in which they are screened to the ascending staircase which is the festival's logo and a model of its structure. "It's like a scale", he says. "You have the first step, which is short. Then the next one, Un Certain Regard, which is more experimental. Then the Competition. Then, hopefully, the prize!" He mentions how proud the Cannes Festival and Cameron, "because she was discovered here".

Kenneth Branagh's *Much Ado About*

Nothing (LUC), a Japanese interpretation of Shakespeare's play which should direct audiences to Shakespeare (as well as the best official through the sheer stimpay of the production and the performances of his stellar cast, was screened in the later part of the Festival, as was Ken Loach's *Raining Stones* (LUC). Loach, whose *Riff-Raff* won worldwide Cannes last year, was awarded the Cannes Jury Prize for *Raining Stones* this year and richly deserved to do so. Far more subtle than his fellow social realist, Mike Leigh, Loach's tale about unemployment in north London housing estate blends comedy with social tragedy in a unique way, making *Raining Stones*, which is never dialectic and always understating, his best film yet.

For overall excellence, Asian films dominated the Festival quite. Tsui Hark's *The Storm of Green Papaya* (Warner-France), Lin Fengsheng's *The Blue Kite* (Hong Kong-China), which screened in Quinzaine, Hou Hsiao-Hsien's *The Puppetmaster* (Taiwan), a slow-moving, superlative film which deservedly won the second Jury Prize awarded this year, and Chen Kaige's magnificent *Forever to my Concubine* (Hong Kong-China), which shared the Palme d'Or this year, a demand disputed by no one.

Based on T'ien Lu's popular novel, Chen Kaige with the help of his three principal actors, Gong Li, Zhang Fengyi and Leslie Cheung, has forged a magpie epic which spans fifty years of Chinese history, beginning in 1925 with the ignominious end of training of two young boys, Xiaolu and Danyu, for the Peking Opera, and ending with the turbulent political and social changes wrought upon China by the Cultural Revolution in the 1970s. The heart of the film, however, is the enduring love of Danyu for Xiaolu, and how Danyu comes to identify with the tragic royal concubine, Yu Ji, in the opera (as well), helping him to understand opposite Xiaolu as her master.

At the press conference, Chen, flanked by his Hong Kong producers, Melvina Hui Fong, and Leslie Cheung, who plays the androgynously beautiful actor Danyu, Chen



GONG LI, WHO STARS IN CHEN KAIGE'S *FOREVER TO MY CONCUBINE*

said that he and his generation of filmmakers began making films that broke with the censors of the past, "because we were fed up with propaganda films". Earlier at a lunch-noon, he was open about the censors whom he employed in several of his forbidden reference of homosexuality into his film. While the Chinese people are becoming more open-minded, they cannot move too quickly into forbidden areas of behavior. Rather, they must be treated subtly. "I see this film as being a passport to making other films about terrible times", he said.

As filmmaking costs continue to rise and the global market further dissolves the borders between nations, China is ready to become a dominant force in international filmmaking by coupling its vast market and resources with the atmosphere of Taiwan, which is starved of a market to expand into. Hong Kong's finance is allied to both. This makes Asia and the Pacific Rim a prime target for expansion. All the evidence from Cannes and elsewhere shows that international co-productions are the way of the future. In this light, the public wrangling over the nationality of *The Piano* indicates a need to come to grips with changes in the international film culture. ■



**STEVE BUSCEMI**

**INTERVIEWED BY RAFFAELE CAPUTO**

# RESERVOIR DOGS



RESERVOIR DOGS: THE  
10 BEST MOVIES OF THE  
1990s

*Reservoir Dogs* tells of six professional criminals brought together for a jewellery heist – everyone knows to each other only by their colour-coded names. The heist is the brainchild of a father-son duo: crime boss – Joe Cabot (played by veteran tough guy Lawrence Tierney) and Nice Guy Eddie (Chris Penn) – and at a carefully-orchestrated robbery, where no prior knowledge of the criminals could jeopardise the plan. But the job goes violently wrong and it is soon realised the bungled heist is the result of a double-cross.

The film is the first feature for writer-director Quentin Tarantino, and it brings together extraordinary writing talent for what is a pragmatic ensemble of characters. Heading the cast as Mr White is Martin Scorsese regular Harvey Keitel. The others include Tim Roth as Mr Orange, Michael Madsen as the psychotic Mr Blonde, Eddie Barker as Mr Blue, Tarantino himself as Mr Brown, and seasoned character actor Steve Buscemi as Mr Pink.

After a string of small roles in notable films like *Mystery Train* (Jim Jarmusch, 1989), *Melvin's Crossing* (Jack Cohn, 1990) and *Rainbow Fish* (Jack Cohn, 1991), *Reservoir Dogs* finally gave Buscemi greater breathing space. Here, among other things, he discusses his character Mr Pink and the making of the film.

What made you become an actor?

I never really analysed the reason. Acting was just something I fantasised about when I was a kid. Then, after I saw *Dog Day Afternoon* (Sidney Lumet, 1975) and the performances of John Cazale and Al Pacino, I decided that was the type of acting I wanted to do.

To me, there is a lot of comedy in *Dog Day Afternoon*, yet it wasn't a comedy. I loved the intensity of the characters and the realism of the whole film, including the look of it. It was based on a true incident, and, in fact, the true incident was even more bizarre than the movie. They couldn't pace everything in the movie; they had to trim the real story.

I love the energy of what it was about, and the acting. I think it just incredible.



Were there any acting influences from *Dog Day Afternoon*?

I'll tell you the person I'm very influenced by is John Cazale, not only as an actor, but especially by his own films and the acting in them. He has a great face, and he got good actors and good faces and good performances out of actors, like in *Face*, *Shadows*, *The Killing of a Chinese Bookie* and *A Woman Under the Influence*<sup>1</sup>.

And, of course, there is Martin Scorsese's film with Robert De Niro and Harvey Keitel.

What is your acting background?

I started out doing stand-up comedy when I was around 20 years old, but I only did that for about 3 years. I then started doing some experimental theatre on the Lower East Side in Manhattan, and I hooked up with another actor-writer, Martin Roco. We wrote and performed our own theatre pieces.

Perhaps the first time you were seen in film by American audiences was *Fertig, Glencoe* (Bill Sherwood, 1986), in which you had a couple roles. Then came a series of small character parts, in films like *New York Stories* (Martin Scorsese episode, 1989), *Mystery Train*, *Melvin's Crossing* and *Rainbow Fish*. Character actors often get stuck in a particular groove, but that is quite an odd mix of films.

I've been really lucky. I fell in with a good group of people, and was lucky enough to get some good parts. A lot of them have been small but memorable characters. I like being a character actor.

Was one of those films a turning point for you?

*Fertig, Glencoe* is still my favourite of the parts I've played. That came very early in my career, so it was a turning point. It took a while to get a part as complex as that character, and I think I've done that now with *Reservoir Dogs* and another film called *In the Soup* (Alexander Rockwell, 1992).

In between *Fertig, Glencoe* and these two films, I did a lot of smaller parts, or just characters that you see for a little bit but who make an impression. At the same time, you really didn't learn a lot about them and that was sort of frustrating. Having played such a

<sup>1</sup> *Face* (1964), *Shadows* (1963), *The Killing of a Chinese Bookie* (1976) and *A Woman Under the Influence* (1974).







SPACY, KEITEL, MADSEN, AND MOLTISANTI (FROM LEFT) ARE READY FOR THE NEXT SCENE. RESERVOIR DOGS

it for laughs and you can't play it as though it's going to be shocking. You can only play the scene the way it is written.

I wasn't in that scene, but Michael is very funny and is very scary

Quite a few of the characters are paired off in terms of topology—Mr. White and Mr. Orange obviously, and Mr. Blonde and New Guy Eddie—but Mr. Pink isn't. He is something of a loner and that's why he is a survivor.

I never really thought about it. I don't think he is a loner. He doesn't have much emotional input for anyone else, because he didn't have the same experience the others share with each other. Maybe he could have if he had escaped with Mr. White, for instance. But I know what you mean, because I think that Mr. White was drawn to Tim Roth's character even before they got into trouble together. I just think Mr. Pink was very careful. He was told not to get to know these other guys, and he takes his job very seriously.

So, I don't think he is a loner. He is the most professional and that's why he is a survivor.

Do you think Mr. Pink is a primary controller for being the survivor, even though we see the flashback of him shooting it out with the police, because in the pre-credit sequence the business about tipping marks Mr. Pink's difference from the others?

When I first read the script I didn't suspect him as the survivor. The only time that came up for me was in the scene with Harvey Keitel when he asks me how I escaped the police ambush. At one point in rehearsal, it occurred to me that he was asking that question out of suspicion. That was the only time for me.

The reason *Reservoir Dogs* is controversial is obviously because of the violence, particularly in the torture scene. How do you feel about the whole violence debate?

I don't view stories as simply violent stories. I want to do good scripts, good movies, and if they have violence in them then that's what is part of the story.

Personally, I don't like movies where there is a fight scene every five minutes, and I don't particularly like the Arnold Schwarzenegger films. I thought *The Terminator* [James Cameron, 1984] was very violent, whereas I don't think *Reservoir Dogs* is excessively violent. The violence in *Reservoir Dogs* is very real and very disturbing, and it has been getting a lot of criticism. But it is not even as graphic as some movies I see.

To me, the violence in it is justified because of who these guys were. I don't really have a problem with it, although I acquired when I first read the script. And I remember when I saw the torture scene I could hardly watch it.

You've been quoted as saying, "Quentin makes you feel every blow." Can you elaborate?

I think as an audience member you do feel the violence, whereas in some movies audiences are kind of distanced to it and don't realize how much violence there is in other films—even with something like *Platoon* [Oliver Stone, 1986]. That's probably what I meant.

I think we made a good movie that is different from what is being put out right now. It's a smart film. You don't really have to bring hard to watch it, but it does require something from the audience other than passively sitting back and just watching. You do think about it after the movie is over. It is a character film and that is what I really like about it. I'm proud to have been a part of it.

It's a small-budget film that is quite creative and is fairly successful. Do you believe it may make studios re-assess the way films are made these days?

I don't think so. It didn't get nominated for any Academy Awards, and wasn't a huge box-office hit. So, I don't think it is going to affect the way movies are made by the studios, or the movies that are sold. I hoped it would, but I don't think so.

In the after-glow of *Reservoir Dogs*, what is next for Steve Buscemi?

Right now, I am doing a studio film called *Airhead* with Michael Lehman and a couple of others. I've also written a screen that I want to direct.

I've also made a short film which I've been trying to get into the festival circuit. It's called *What Happened to Peter?* I submitted it to the Sydney and Melbourne film festivals, but I don't know what happened to it. I haven't heard.

The festival is called *Three's Company*, which is the name of a bar in Long Island. It's about this guy who lives in a what middle-class suburban town and his life is just a series of one mistake after another. It's a kind of a comedy of errors, but again it's a character film. There are a lot of characters in it and explores the meticulous nature of a small community that doesn't really have a lot of life for some people. If they don't get married and have kids, they just end up drifting along. They don't drift out of town, they just drift along with the closed community.

I'm trying to raise the money for it right now. I was hoping to shoot it this summer, but it didn't happen, so hopefully I'll be able to shoot it next spring.

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# Australia's First Films:

## Part Four: Our Forgotten

*With Australia's  
cinema centenary approaching,  
Chris Long continues his  
exploration into the myths and  
fictions surrounding the  
introduction of the  
moving picture to Australia.*

Ten years ago, Ross Lawell and Peter Barry indicated the inadequacy of our cinema chronicles in their introduction to *The Documentary Film in Australia*:

*the output of the documentary sector of the industry has always outstripped feature film production, and is the backbone of the film industry, but documentaries, like the potential archive, have remained submerged, awaiting their chronicle, whether verbal or visual.<sup>1</sup>*

All too often, cinema studies have exclusively concentrated on post-1900 fictional films. The myths surrounding "Soldiers of the Cross" (1906) and *The Story of the Kelly Gang* (1906) are recited with progressive embellishment, while earlier or more contemporary Australian documentary achievements are ignored. The implication is also that these two fictional productions were the only creative output of a barren period. The reality is almost the opposite.

By listing all of Australia's earliest films, the documentary character of our pioneering industry should be self-evident. Preparing a filmography of this extent is much more than an academic exercise. Many "lost" films are unidentified or wrongly identified in our archives, ensuring the rediscovery that this date will mark. Those "lost" 1896 films by Australia's first cameramen, Marcus Searrow, have already been located through this research, two locally and one in France.<sup>2</sup>

### A BLINKERED PERSPECTIVE

Many current histories fail to recognise the creative evolution of editing and story telling techniques in non-fiction films. These developed into "feature-length" productions by 1897, a decade before the advent of fictional features.

Our first view of a "feature-length" news film was given in Sydney during September 1897.<sup>3</sup> It is a record of the Carbur-Fraserians boxing match at Carson City, Nevada, shot on 17 March 1897, running about 75 minutes (original "Vernoyse" film of 16mm gauge).<sup>4</sup> With unedited coverage and a static camera, it demonstrated no creative manipulation. Cinematic techniques were overruled.

In the many long films taken of Queen Victoria's Diamond Jubilee in London (22 June 1897), several creative improvements were applied. B. W. Paul used three cameras at various points along the procession, with rolling in-camera to a landscape static cameras, and then intercut the negatives to provide a comprehensive view. The coverage also saw the birth of the cinema "pan", as Paul built a special worm drive head for his tripod to allow it to follow action.<sup>5</sup> These elements of visual syntax and "time compression" evolved as a matter of economic imperative, economising on film usage. The British film historian Stephen Bottomore's article, "Shots in the Dark", in *Sight and Sound* (Summer 1981) used this example to demonstrate narrative construction in news films long before it appeared in James Williamson's *Attack on a Chinese Mission* (1901) or Edwin S. Porter's *Great Train Robbery* (1903).<sup>6</sup> The same elements of narrative form can be found in many of Australia's

Frame enlargements from B. W. Paul's  
*Queen Victoria's Diamond Jubilee Procession*,  
made in 28 June 1897.



# FACTS AND FABLES

## Production Pioneers

earliest motionless and news film. Most of these have never previously been heard, in spite of their extreme historical significance.

### FORGOTTEN DOCUMENTARIES

Of the Australian documentary producers working in the 1890s, only Marcus Searles receives consistent coverage in the standard histories. Other pioneers are equally worthy of a place in the roll of honours.

Alfred Haddon shot the world's first in-situ anthropological research films in Torres Strait during September 1896.<sup>1</sup> These survive. Fred White produced the world's first governmental film in Queensland during 1899 – the first Australian multi-shot film exhibiting editing techniques.<sup>2</sup> These also survive.

The *Austral Underworld* (1900) and *Under Southern Skies* (1902) are major feature-length documentary productions of the Salvation Army's Lancelight Department, both long forgotten. Major parts of *Under Southern Skies*, a massive two-and-a-half-hour documentary tracing Australia's history from exploration to federation, survive today.<sup>3</sup>

Newspaper reports and the surviving films provide conclusive proof of our industry's documentary inclination. Australian film production supplemented and complemented a predominantly imported face. In that rôle, local producers gravitated towards the news coverage and documentaries which didn't require expensive studio facilities. We developed considerable expertise in that field. Audiences were attracted by the novelty of seeing themselves and their familiar surroundings on the screen. It helped to open the vast distances across our continent. Bush residents could view sporting events and parades in the major cities via film. Industries and tourist attractions from remote corners of the country could be seen. Australia-wide. Histories which only trace the development of Australian fictional film have entirely misrepresented our production industry's success *in life*.

Largely, entry of Australia's earliest films survive. As a precious record of Australian history, their value equates with the product of our fine printing press, or with the first Australian photographs. Originally viewed as ephemeral technical novelty, these films are of steadily increasing value with the passing of time. No representation of colonial Australia is more powerful and vivid than this given by our earliest movies.

### BONDS OF EMPIRE

In the 1890s, Australia was a remote collection of British colonies, a cultural backwash embracing the raw material feelings which led to federation in 1901. One-four million European colonists were isolated from the events and the arts of their distant homelands. Actuality and news films provided them with a window on the look of their cultural life.

Like most of our colonial trade, the bulk of film imports came to us from Britain and Europe, where non-fiction film was far more



Typical projector of 1897. Film first, cinematograph, invented by the Lumière brothers, Robert H. Brown, in *Australian Photographic Review*, 20 December 1911, p. 10.

favoured than in America. Raymond Pickering's book, *The American Movement*, speculates on the reason for this trans-Atlantic difference and concludes:

America on film producers were inclined to favour theatrical film over journalistic fare. In contrast to the French producers, the first American filmmakers tended to bring subjects to the studio rather than to take the camera to the subject, a practice which understandably favoured the use of manipulation rather than journalistic objectiveness [...] The early Edison and Biograph [American] cameras were the size of massive trunks and could not by any stretch of the imagination be considered portable. The French Lumière cameras, on the other hand, was much smaller and was easily carried from location to location [...] The news film content that resulted was as much the consequence of technological ingenuity as of artistic ingenuity.<sup>4</sup>

Australia's first flurry of kinesiograph shows used American films, but by late 1896 they were edged to the market dominance of British and French imports. This situation persisted until World War I and the rise of Hollywood. The popularity of European film was partly due to the Australian impact of the Lumière and B. W. Paul projects which were used to show them, and partly due to audience familiarity with the geographic locations they exhibited.

Curious-fiction film consumption was encouraged by the British film magnate, Charles Urban (1867–1912), whose London-based "Warwick Trading Company" produced a sizeable proportion of the imported programmes used in Australia after 1897. As late as 1910 Urban was quoted as saying:

With the life and scenery of the world, in every land upon which the sun shines, waiting to be recorded [...] have spent including ways and means of photographing artificial conditions as artificial as games by artificial light is wasted.<sup>5</sup>

## IS THIS AUSTRALIA'S OLDEST SURVIVING FILM?

This single frame copy from a camera movie negative held by A. J. Potts is probably *Lady Henry's Shopping* (also known as "Picnictime"). Early Western shot on 11 October 1894 about days prior to the 1894 Melbourne Cup. It matches original scenes of the film and the event very closely. This copy was taken from the MGA reels, *Suburban Film*, with the permission of Rex Ferguson, 1980's Melbourne film manager.



(A) *Lady Henry's* (as when almost approaches the horse, Melbourne). Trying to complete the obvious scenario.



(B) The horse show, shopping Lady Henry, holding the ribbon, out of the house, on the left.



(C) A departure scene in Lady Henry's and all actors movements of frame. The camera stops.



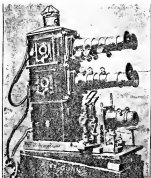
(D) The camera has passed slightly to the left as a second cut up, the horse now being parallel with the ribbon in frame of Lady Henry and departure.

While film copyright records confirm that the American industry named almost completely to featured film production by 1907<sup>14</sup>, documentaries retained their appeal in France, Britain and Australia. The Pathé company introduced regular weekly newsreel services to these three countries before similar production was attempted in America.<sup>15</sup> It was symptomatic of fundamental differences between American cinema and ours.



Lello Alexander Gunn, Melbourne's "cinema barometer" and organizer of limelight apparatus<sup>16</sup>. In mid 1897, Gunn became one of the first to up-scale exhibitions and organizers of cinema pictures.

Picture: Alex Gunn's First Picture Programme - 1897, was based on the famous stage of a "hot and" feature slide program. The first would project shadowing slides in with a screen from Germany, 11 December 1898 p. 128.



## FILM DISTRIBUTION IN AUSTRALIA: 1890s

Initially, there were no specialist cinemas in which films could be shown. Exhibitors usually bought their films directly from British manufacturers, taking a set programme on tour through various public halls. *Melropolitan* showmen usually exhibited films as an interlude on a vaudeville programme. Exhibitions of film by itself were rare, and usually associated with news coverage of some notable event – perhaps a horse race or a Royal pageant. Venues devoted solely to the exhibition of film were limited to the major cities, and generally didn't survive after 1898, when the medium's early novelty declined. Specialised cinemas were not properly established until 1908.

Film was especially welcome as an entertainment medium in the Australian bush, where it had no great competition from quality theatre and vaudeville. Portable and inexpensive, it brought city scenes to country halls on an increasingly regular basis as the 19th Century drew to a close. Contrary to the popular image of the "picture show man" as a horse-drawn waggon, the major exhibitors of the 1890s generally travelled by rail or by coastal steamer.<sup>17</sup> He stopped for a few days in each town, the duration dependent on regional population and his show's popularity. In this way, the exhibitor simultaneously was the distributor in this pioneering period.

A particularly well-established Melbourne film pioneer was the "limelight and limelight apparatus importer" Alexander Gunn, with a shop and office at 242 Little Collins Street. He established a reputation for popular slide show entertainers from 1885, adding motion pictures to his repertoire in mid-1897.<sup>18</sup> His services were available to clubs and organisations who hired him to bring his portable projection plant to venues right across Victoria. Eventually, his company became a leading cinema advertising concern, producing the thumbnail slides which periodic film shows today. Gunn's son later recalled his father's difficulties in importing films during the 1890s:

In the early times, Mr. Gunn had to buy all his films from London from such makers as R. Paul, Gaumont, Crooks [sic] Martin and [J] A. Williamson. We would receive a list giving the names of the various films, the length and a [photographic] code word attached to each.

My father had no room for thinking up and pack from one to six films in their thousands, and then while the code word to London and chance his luck, also his money. The films cost 3/- per foot in those days and the total amount had to be paid to London at the time of ordering, and we sat back for six weeks or so [awaiting their arrival]. The buying of films was an afterthought of then.<sup>19</sup>

When film had to be imported without the opportunity of a preview, the most predictable usefulness of a local production made

# FRAME ENLARGEMENTS FROM SESTIER'S FILMS OF 1896 MELBOURNE CUP EVENTS.

Capital from ANFA rules, Long Melbourne, courtesy of Ron Burgess.

(1) ARRIVAL OF TRAIN AT RAIL PLATFORM, FLEMINGTON



(2) The walk across is. A side platform at which horses were to arrive for the event.



(3) Train takes passengers back through the doors in rain weather and open carriage. Another train shows in the distance.



(4) Passengers are seen from across the train. A horse is seen in the distance.



(5) Melbourne Cup. The horse and rider are seen in the distance.

it a better investment. It could also generate desirable local newspaper publicity for the exhibitor. Naturally, Grant became an early exhibitor of local film, though he doesn't seem to have produced these subjects himself.<sup>17</sup>

The difficulty of reporting film directly from England eased in the later 1890s when several local photographic workshops established Australian sales agencies for British and French producers. Miles, Paul, Lumiere, Warwick and Goumont all had Australian representatives by 1899. Two of the larger Australian dealers receiving their films were Harrington's Luncheon and Baker & Rease. Both had Sydney headquarters and both published their own journals, *Australian Photographic Journal* and *Australian Photographic Review* respectively. Before 1903, these were the principal Australian information sources for cinematic developments and equipment exchange. News and used films were often advertised in the classified sections of both magazines. Researchers should note that these classifieds were removed from the New South Wales State Library copy on facsimile binding, but the Mitchell Library sets are intact. They document the sources from which Australian cinema developed.

## THE EXHIBITOR'S CREATIVE ROLE

Most of the early projections, particularly the Lumiere machines, could not accept films exceeding about 90 seconds in length.<sup>18</sup> Film subjects were mostly sold in 100-foot rolls through the 1890s, and were only available "joined" or in greater lengths by special order. The sequencing of film programmes at this stage was the prerogative of the exhibitor, rather than the producer.

Initially film programmes aimed at a maximum of variety, with as little continuity as possible. In Australia, the earliest programme to progress into some sense of continuity was probably the Sydney premiere of Sestier's "soldience" of the 1896 Melbourne Cup, which placed the various scenes into a rough chronological order, presenting the series as an integrated group.<sup>19</sup> The premiere was not successful, and subsequent showings revealed to isolated segments of the coverage being sandwiched with more lated subjects.

This "sandwiching programme" principle only began to evolve in Australia after coverage of Queen Victoria's Diamond Jubilee (1897) proved the profit potential of single-subject film shows. By then, cinema's usual novelty was on the decline. Film was interesting about as popular subjects for specific purposes. Exhibitors often assembled films of similar character to form a narrative thread, frequently illustrating a lecture. In this manner, narrative feature films evolved, first as exhibitors sequenced existing films (and slides) on a single subject, then as films were shot to link existing films into a narrative sequence, and finally as an entire narrative was shot and sequenced by the producer.



Alice Queen's Melbourne display, July 1896. One was one of the first posters exhibited locally with the words for sale, and one of the very early Australian film posters of the period.

In the past, movie scholars have found evidence of these single-subject programmes, and leaped to the conclusion that they're fully-fledged feature films. A classic example is the mythology surrounding "Soldiers of the Cross". That was Herbert Booth's *Salvation Army* lecture, illustrated by a programme of slides and short film inserts by various makers, including the *Salvation Army*. After Booth's biographer, F. C. Ottaway, wrote on it as being a "feature film" in his 1928 book<sup>20</sup>, the myth became an Australian icon through unapologetic repetition. The 90-second *Lumiere* film used for the lecture's illustration will be listed in our future conclusions.

## AN AUSTRALIAN PRODUCTION RECORD

During the 1890s, the few available films seldom exceeded two minutes' duration and rarely cost and more than one camera setup. Because early films were purchased for presentation rather than merely borrowing them, many copies of each film were disseminated. The survival rate of films made before the advent of film libraries and exchanges is consequently better than one might expect.





which may be the film described here, but the exact location the 1896 description renders this unlikely.

- (5) *Arrival of Trains at Hill Platforms, Flemington* (shot 3 November 1896).

Premiere 24 November 1896, first mentioned in *The Sydney Morning Herald*, 24 November 1896, p. 2. Lumière catalogue number 652 (*Arrivée d'un train à Melbourne, Australie*).

About 300 passengers depart in 15 minutes at Flemington station, while another train leaves the station simultaneously. The print has been released in the NFSA video, *Living Melbourne* (1988).

- (6) *Grand Parade the Grand Stand, Melbourne Cup* (shot 3 November 1896).

Premiere 19 November 1896, first mentioned in *The Age* (Melbourne), 16 November 1896, p. 6. Lumière catalogue number 418 (*Melbourne, les courses de l'après-midi*).

Proseminators, mostly upper-class folk, move about on the lawns with sunshade umbrellas and hats, the Flemington grandstand at the rear. Walter Barratt appears three times. According to *Bulletin Star*, 15 April 1897, "the view under the lawn at Flemington enables one to recognise Mrs. Brough, the well-known actress." Brough is also mentioned in a *Breakfast Courier* report of this film, 10 May 1897, p. 4. The print has been released in the NFSA video, *Living Melbourne*.

- (7) *Arrival of Governor Brassey and Suite at Flemington* (shot 3 November 1896).

Premiere 19 November 1896, first mentioned in *The Age*, 16 November 1896, p. 6. Lumière catalogue number 419 (*Melbourne, les courses: Arrivée du Gouverneur*).

A police cordon in summer uniforms (white helmets) holds back spectators while vice-regal carriage, step and passengers alight, moving towards the camera. Victorian Governor Lord Brassey leads the group past the camera in close range, followed by Admiral Bridg, Western Australian Governor Sir Gerald Smith (with wife and daughter), Victorian Premier (wife of New South Wales Governor), Lord and Lady Magdalen, Hon. T. A. Brassey, Lady Idina Brassey, Lord Richard Nevill, Lord Shaftesbury, several military VIPs and Miss Durley. Members of the public close in on the rear of the group as they pass. The print has been released in the NFSA video, *Living Melbourne*.

- (8) *Afternoon Tea Under the Awning, Flemington* (shot 3 November 1896).

Premiere 24 November 1896, first mentioned in *The Sydney Morning Herald*, 24 November 1896, p. 2. Not in Lumière catalogue. No surviving print is known.

- (9) *Finish of the Hurdle Race, Cup Day* (shot 3 November 1896).

Premiere 24 November 1896, first mentioned in *The Sydney Morning Herald*, 24 November 1896, p. 2. No surviving print is known.

- (10) *Weighting Out for the Cup* (shot 3 November 1896).

Premiere 24 November 1896, first mentioned in *The Sydney Morning Herald*, 24 November 1896, p. 2. Lumière catalogue number 420 (*Melbourne, les courses: Encours de Pénalité*).

This is a rather nondescript view of horses passing the camera in a haphazard way on a lawn in front of a groomer's lavatory, with spectators milling about. Horses pass from right to left, with men in suits on their backs, on their way to the weighting scales, out of frame. Walter Barratt parallels Bagworthy in front of the camera for some time, pointing at the camera and obscuring the horses. The print has been released in the NFSA video, *Living Melbourne*.

- (11) *Weighting Out the Horses* (shot 3 November 1896).

Premiere 24 November 1896, first mentioned in *The Sydney Morning Herald*, 24 November 1896, p. 2. Probably the same film as referred under the name, *The Weighing Paddock*, for its

## BESTIER FILM:

### FINISH OF THE MELBOURNE CUP RACE

French telegram from NFSA video, *Living Melbourne*: courtesy of Ian Berryman.



(1A) Waiting for the decision from juries.



(2A) Juries meet and wait from behind a corner.



(2B) Juries wait while people on lawn draw lots.



(2C) Juries wait while lots are drawn close view of hands.



(3A) Juries photograph at distance while lots are drawn.



(3B) Crowd moves off to collect winnings.

*Australian showings: Lumière catalogue number 421 (Melbourne, les courses: Sortie des Chevaux).*

This film must survive in France, as a frame enlargement from it appears in Jacques Renard-Hauser's book, *August et Louis Lumière: les 1000 Premières Films*, Paris, 1990, p. 177. It shows horses moving through the crowd near the grandstand, with the camera looking over the heads of men in the foreground. It is curious that this film was not repatriated to Australia with the others of the 1896 Melbourne Cup in 1969. An effort should be made to retrieve it. No copy exists in Australia.

- (12) *Start of the Melbourne Cup Race* (shot 3 November 1896).

Premiere 19 June 1897 (?), first mentioned in *Bulletin Courier*, 19 June 1897, p. 2. Not in Lumière catalogue.

As the only reference to this film is the one cited above, the advertised item may be the product of exaggeration or wishful thinking, or perhaps this is another description of the foregoing item. The existence of the film even is a combination of wishful research.

- (13) *Finish of the Melbourne Cup Race* (shot 3 November 1896).

Premiere 24 November 1896, first mentioned in *The Sydney Morning Herald*, 24 November 1896, p. 2. Lumière catalogue number 422 (*Melbourne, les courses: La Course*).

# Keon Park Man collides with

In this occasional column, prominent industry figures comment on personal and public issues.

Here, writer Barry Dickins discusses, among many varied things, working with directors Brian McKenzie and Paul Cox, and developing a feature with producer Santhana Naidu.

I am a Keon Park man. I was born there and obviously will die there. Keon Park is the most obscure spot on the earth. It has an old squash court, the old Bessie glee factory, hundreds of lost homes-addicted geography teachers who can't get any work, a couple of depressing cricket pitches with hardly any concrete in it (in fact, and one woman. Me.

Keon Park is the slum where men's happy hunting ground. You recognise someone eating a sherbet bomb and pushing a trolley up a hill with no beverage on it, carrying a radio on his head except for imaginary movies. Still, I love Keon Park. It has given me love. It has taught me hatred. I have been able to defend myself in the performing arts in Australia by revealing to types a Keon Park shop.

All of my writing, in a career spanning fifty Hills Hoists and covering a million sufferings in a million Melbourne backyards, all this work, has been about vulnerable women like me. They are all about loneliness and fearfulness. Little things like life and death. Caps of rain and glimpses of heaven, seen through a crack in Liverpool's window. I write about what's up with us, like going to the dentist, as I did in 1970, and getting a rough quote on getting my jaw removed. I write about my grandmother's funeral service, a lot about poor people, even more about drunks and homeless folk. I write about what Indian school posers such as the real poetry to Bessie Hill, Bessie Hill, Redmond Partridge, which is a euphemism for Melbourne with its eyes closed.

Their work was a screwdriver and a flick hammer and bottle picker-upper simultaneously, and wherever I have travelled I have written spontaneous poems about people hanging out for someone to speak with in their big cages. I have been a school teacher, an English Keon Park one. I am an actor and dental student. I move from bar to three bars, night or day.

For twenty-five years I have used many own stage plays, like *The Active Youth Show*, on at La Mama Theatre and later on at The Prism Factory. I have written lots of stage plays. Mostly they have to do with loneliness (and I am happy and lonely simultaneously, like all Keon Park men who would kill for a potato cake. I come from a vanishing breed of bush poets who've only ever seen pollution, heard trucks, loved chaos, no other words, the city.

About eight years ago I met Brian McKenzie, the documentary tennis player. But the hell, he will, a Gerling Cement. Once it is an, "that's chocolate", so we used to say when men sweat and women were handy when the plough horse broke down.

I remember meeting Brian. He had a little editing room atop some crumbling edifice in Brunswick St, France. He stared me in the eyes when I arrived, looking just like two burnt suitcases. Here is a man who never runs, I thought. Here is a pugilist who loves the

people. And he does. Brian was editing his masterpiece, *I'll Be Home for Christmas*, and wanted to know where I thought it went on a list.

Hold him. I'm a dickhead who can hardly understand TV Work. He nodded, and we looked at each other on the recording machine. I have lived on a tree, that being why my last life is known to me. For those who've not seen *I'll Be Home for Christmas*, you ought to get your head read. Sad, it is the quintessence of sad. Funny, it is funnier than the grave. I know those homeless men in the park behind The Children's Hospital. Brian's film is the longest hour of the longest night. It cries, you weep.

Brian believed for some reason that I understood film, that I could offer some suggestions for cuts and give him technical advice. I have dreamed all film, and have written lots of scripts, perhaps the best-known being *A Woman's Tale*, co-written with Paul Cox. That movie tells the tale of Sheila Fitzmaurice, dying. It's a comedy. And it's sad, that being all your life in Albert Park. I don't know anything about anything. I have an instinct for weakness, that's all.

That's because I'm a dreamer. I'm sad for a being. And I'm a nihilist. Somewhere or other I can write. There's no school for it, apart from men's eyes.

Somewhere or other, Santhana Naidu, an old Malayman called Cox, and Brian McKenzie and I started writing that movie about a Muslim boy who arrives in Separation Street, Northcote, from what he calls "Our Town" in the streaming confusion that is Malaysia. We started writing this thing and finally we dreamed this displaced boy, Ahmet, and his misadventures, in Northcote.

Santhana Naidu I find now hanging around the prep school at Ilford Avenue Films, a shop that sells dozens instead of One, in pretentious Albert Park, where every single decorated but paint-sick old man has a baby boy at the age of 43, and they all become frustrated film-makers. Every single baby in Albert Park is a film-maker added to the white coffee.

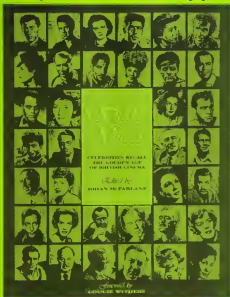
Santhana has worked hard and long for Paul Cox, putting up with his crazy tantrums, such as leaving babies at playgrounds and seeing a hit they arrive by carman method in the editing room. Sorry, as we will have, a perfectly charming and calm, and is always remembering his homework, called *Santhana*, a hundred rolls of film from Kuala Lumpur. He dreams of his birthplace, and sends *The Dorian Time* fruit, he recalls hopping twelve-foot trees and he sees, on his side, in his sleep, the portrait of his mother and father sitting in a kind of mythical jungle.

I have written some movies with Paul Cox, the only man in the art to smile so much you can't see him at the writing desk, just a column of smoking German pipe smoke as if you can relate to. He is old-fashioned and brilliant, and he is possessed of a beautiful laugh, and I love him, and he wants too much and will die, I hope not, one day of everything related to movie-making. It's too hard, he said to me once, even though he lost an 21-19 at pingpong, only after an argument, and the next fact that he wrote, the final one, the final one, he is a bit of a sick man on my side of the net, and again off, leaving him victorious and more full of smoke than ever.

Paul Cox is brave, and there's an end to it. He is a hero to me, well, and that's never really happened before. Sorry and I started to make friends, even though once he jokingly strangled me among the gum's runner piles at Melbourne Sports Depot. I was going to put him into the cops, but he didn't mean it, so I didn't. Sorry is a man guy who also smokes too much. So do I.

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# Stone Age Coffeeshop

For four years I lived in Northcom, an independent town, where an old man, a Scotsman, got run over by the Mooney Valley rats one night, at the tender age of 93, with two bottles of Inland Scout under his arm. "Bob Jane T Mart" you could read all up his smoking old tartan dressing gown. In that dangerous thoroughfare, that dangerous track of flung-off ropes and dead bodies, in that awful, choking, polluted hell-hole, I made only one friend, one acquaintance, in all that tedious time. His name was Said Threewords. He ran a collapsing Milk Bar. It sold rotten People magazines and a solid warped Indian Jax Records stack, crammed hard into the anechoics of white, stale leather bound on literature display in the window. Never was there a mixed goods business run more like Said's.

One of the most heartrending evenings I have endured is the memorable occasion when *Oh Be Home for Christmas* was screened to an audience of smokers and drunks and, curious houseless chaps and social workers at The State Film Centre, at the rear-end of Parliament House, several years back. Brown asked me to make a speech about homelessness, which I did. I am good at homelessness and I never shut up, so I did, with relief. Turned on the old hi-fi otherwise.

It is long, the film, and upsetting, unsettling and funny, straight from life, and it depicts such things as homeless men goggling on, an olympic lot of gawking gog. There are a lot of gawking tales and sorrowing speeches in a *Cinema* world behind The Children's Hospital. It is the best of its kind, and the last that it has never been shown on telly as a disgrace.

I made what I assumed to be a not bad ad-libbed speech about the spontaneous kindness of strangers, the wit of them, the very society smug at them (and I got a round of generously-left applause (I assumed), but the big boobies I made was telling all the men there:

Look, you chaps, don't fuck off after the film of Brown's life with and brother (and through stacks of alcohol. "I think there's been down borders of beer left, aren't there, Sarah?" And Robin has brought a bottle of Black Label and a few of red and white, and there's plenty of smokes, so stick around after the movie and we'll have a proper gog-in.

Little was I to know that every man there had taken the pledge. They were all in *Abs*. And it'll hang out. That was one of the biggest evenings of my life, I suppose. Anyway, on to Malaysia.

The Malaysian film is based on Sunny Naidu's life, when he arrived in Melbourne in the swinging 1960s, jet-lagged and Marlin-speed, mad and near-crazed. His brother, who was studying at Melbourne Uni, made Sunny a green T-Shirt, Sunny's first go at what we call "Home Cooked Prayer", and he leaps into the mat with that matron, only to waste. In Sarawak, Sunny had never come across a giant lump of *Assau* meat. The poor bastard was twice crook.



PRIDE EARLY MORNING INTO THE GLASS OF A COURT IN MALAYSIA

Sunny has always wanted to write about the cultural heap between his hometown and that leap into the Koon Park world. Melbourne must have seemed very strange to him as a young pupil of life, consumer and intellectual life. Melbourne is strange to matter how you look at it.

Brown's skills with millions of macro-camera tapes and editing strange words of random anyone, his love of history and knowledge of the human condition, Sunny's Scribbles post and his interest in that which is true, disintegrated and all the films he has helped make for his friend Paul Cox, his fancy mind with my love of little words and issues for little people — we wrote the *Set* in a way using our distance in direct, tapes, because all night talking, the resemblance of things past, as I tramped for ten days through the swarming jungles of Malaysia in a pair of \$1 length blue ones. The two-chaps have had a rope.

Almost, a young Muslim, helps out at his father Rashid's coffee stall, as what we call affectionately "our town", something of a pity on the Thomson Wilder. His dad wants Almost to become a brain surgeon. He sends his boy off to Melbourne, his best experience of Northcom and outside doctors and good people as well from "our town", and Almost suffers sea changes. He stays with the strange Said Threewords, his uncle, who runs the weird milk bar.

The first night there, rolling out his prayer mat to face Mecca, he finds Prince Loops. Prays to them. It is a rite of passage play, and

**DELUSION; THE HEARTBREAK KID;  
LOYE IN UMBRO; ORLANDO; THE REFRACTING GLASSES;  
RICH IN LOVE; AND WIND**

**DELUSION**

ERIC LUCAS

Road movies have always been an opportunity to take things to the limit. Everything is instead of and intensely immediate, and motor bikes correct their way along highways, whisking through desolate landscapes in clouds of dust. Top men take up the challenge, but usually get left behind in those distant lands of glory and power, who find themselves in a marginal territory as different from the security of home and love, seem to be either looking for something new either they're on the run from something old.

Most particularly, the road movie has functioned as the quest narrative of the automobile era. Prophets of old may have wandered out into the isolation of the wilderness to lose a sense of themselves in the known world and to find some new kind of vision or inspiration. The road movie has speeded up the pace and often thrown in a stage of mind, surreal and intellectual pleasures, but it still basically tells the same story: taking a turning off the main road of life may mean running the risk of losing the plot altogether, but it also contains the possibility of new directions. Most of all, it's a lot of fun, especially if you survive the particular kind of risk or passage in which.

How come? One Colpovert's *Delusion* has it both ways. It follows in the tradition of the road movie, yet also throws in a few sports and height benefits of its own.

George (Jim Fretwell) is a yuppie businessman whose computer business, Mirage XT, is going under, causing George to take his last unexpected sabbatical. He embarks on a series of money and heads off with the cash in the back of his Volvo, with the cars of setting the business up again in Reno, that city of last days. However, this means being catapulted out of the secure world of penthouse, golfed and open bank, and becoming a hermit of ancient caves, scotched trails and infinitely blue sky now or a vividly reminiscent of the desert adjectives of Thelma & Louise (Patty Duke, 1970). Clearly beautiful yet remote and always potentially threatening, the landscape seems out to be only a thin streamer and most cruel away from danger and habits of civilized behavior.

The hermetically sealed environment of the Volvo and the sealed surface of the road itself looks literally a more technologically broken when George arrives of the isolation to help a couple whose car has crashed in the scrub. When he offers a lift to the seemingly hapless pair, Pete (Jennifer Rubin), a "stranger" from Las Vegas, another stomach-stomach-induced boyfriend, Chevy

(Kyle Secor), everything changes. If George had gone a little off the straight and narrow track by escaping to Reno with his stolen thousands, his -- and the film's -- entire plot becomes falsified by the male counter-demand of Chevy the filmster.

Colpovert playfully leaves the genre of the thriller movie with an echo of Alfred Hitchcock's *Psycho* (1960). In that movie consistently without doubt, the relatively "minor" crime of theft is also paralleled to the more heinous crime of murder. The lack of moral force exhibited by Martin Gony (Janet Leigh) in taking a large sum of money, and attempting to escape with it across the desert and over the "state line" to her boyfriend, is contrasted by the violence with the cases of madness or complete loss of self-control of Norman Bates (Anthony Perkins). Norman -- and in Colpovert's film Chevy -- are what it means to have crossed that "line" of control and isolated behavior entirely. In *Delusion* George is "driven" initially to leave his wife away from the kind of violent, ruthless underworld inhabited by Chevy and his nearly comical. However, while *Delusion* remains her status as relative moral innocent, first by repenting and then by becoming the helpmate without Norman, George lives on to symbolically defeat more and more, at the most no-man's land with Chevy.

There are moments of significant tension in the course of the seemingly pointless driving through the desert, as the two men battle for control. Pete stays largely in a world of her own, her motivation and her loyalty remaining obscure. There is also an element of self-pity in Chevy's "revelation" of his old-time friend and mentor, Lory (Gary Olden). "It's only business. Nothing personal," says Chevy apologetically, as he edges him beside a clearing in the bushes and Lory, the washed-up, has been dead, is forced to recognize the reality of the line of the underworld which he himself first taught to Chevy.



A PIONEER SPIRIT BY ARTHUR BOND (L), PATTI DUKES (R), AND CHEVY CHASE (L).

However, Colpovert continues to raise audience expectations at the (theatrical) movie genre. Lead melodramatic chords usually announce the "significant" moment when Pete's pet leech, Johnny, jumps out of her glass jar to when George is rescued by the unlikely help: girl (Angeline Persichelli) who tells her she thought he was her man when she lost "in the Nevada desert." "Which revolution?", hollers George as he clings on to her. And Maurice, heathens, "The sexual revolution!" she replies.

Also, when Pete decides to leave Chevy, Colpovert has them replay a piece of dialogue from that classic of American cinema, *Oliver Twist* (David Wallen, 1941) when Oliver's last and wife walks out on him: "You can't do this to me!" Chevy demands "Oh, so it's you're taking some off." Pete returns, thus signaling both the overwhelming optimism that marks Chevy's idealistic nature and her own departure.



the may not quite add up the paint-stormed palette of *The Player* (Robert Altman, 1980), for instance, however, their shimmering disruptions of straight-to-run-of-the-road movie genre to enjoy the "wilderness" theme of Brown luxury and delusory systems while also being entertained by the exposure of the off-the-beat-to-be narrative.

The character of Park, who is certainly a visually lustful addition to the scene, also serves as a form of critique on the movie's comparative nihilistic violence of Chany and George, especially as they metamorphose into lovable after-life versions of each other. On one level, she is the conventional after-mat, the gangster's moll, who is tacitly complicit with her violence and endorsement in his gritty world where he is not just the "hardcore" there for his sexual pleasure. On another level, she is deceptively disengaged from both the violence and his testosterone of Chany's world. As she tells George, she's not on anyone's side: "I'm in for myself." If anything, her deeper feelings seem to be evoked by Johnny (the bard, the weekend artist, her's phallic symbol).

In the final scene, which marks the movie's end-of-the Western narrative, George and Chany stand isolated together by their hatred, their fear of and identification with each other, and their selfish desire for his golden relationship between them like a bar. Park's departure at the point might be read as a reassurance on her part: Is she as ruthless as them, because she stands with them to each other? Or rather, does her departure indicate quite a major rejection on the film's part of the now foolish aggression played out by the male characters? By walking out — or actually by leaving out in Larry's car — and especially by driving behind the music of the stolen money which had led George to this "Death Valley" showdown in the first place, Park indicates a rejection of the entire game of heroes and villains, of greed and violence, and leaves the boys to fight it out between themselves.

It's unclear, "politically correct" touch perhaps, and certainly inoffensive into movie logic that the desperate screaming off the cliff by Thelma (Joanna Cassidy) and Louise (Joan MarCUS). Park goes it's the only way to really get away with a real movie that's days without looking to pass. Colquhoun goes on some of the most recent of the scene, the glittering gruesomeness of it a gangster world, and the "fading" the very truth about himself through the experience of crossing boundaries" routine, while screaming, so that that he knows this is already a much-detailed narrative route.

**GILBERTON** Directed by Carl Colquhoun. Producers: Daniel Hecht, Laurence producers: Seth M. Weinbaum, Christoph Hasler. Screenwriters: Carl Colquhoun, Alan Vane. Director of photography: Geoff Macvicar. Production designer: Wade Tait. Costume designer: Kimberley Tilman. Sound recorded at: Sennheiser. Editor: Mark Allen/Kaplan. Composer: Barry Adamson. Cast: Jennifer Lien (George), Jennifer Rubin (Park), Kyle Sasser (Chany), Jerry O'Connell (Larry), PWS (Louise), Michael (Louise), and Caroline. Australia: distributor: Emu/Emu. Rating: 120 minutes. U.S. 1992.

## THE HEARTBREAK KID

FAT GILBERTON

**B**reaking away from family and cultural ties to pursue independence is the key theme in *The Heartbreak Kid*. Based on the stage play of the same name, John Seaton, multi-layered coming-of-age film explores the lives of an Anglo-Greek school teacher and a student who fall in love despite opposition and disapproval from family, friends and colleagues.

Caught in cultural crossroads, Christine (Christina Kerner) has decided loyalty to the values espoused by her traditional Greek parents, husband-to-be, and the school where she teaches which are at loggerheads with her own progressive life beliefs. This is economically expressed in the film's opening scenes, where the viewer takes a glimpse at Christine's family, surrounded by her engagement. Her parents, particularly well-to-do, have thrown a swanky party for their only daughter, evidenced by the well-dressed crowd, the abundance of champagne, and the fire of expensive cars decorating the driveway and streets. The engagement fest all the happiness of being a perfect affair, except for Christine's anxiety inside. The viewer gets the feeling the happiness and boasts have over whelmed her, she is having second thoughts about marriage, which everyone has taken as a foregone conclusion. Pled with the embarrassment of backing out, which would mean a damaging loss of family, Christine takes the easy path and resigns herself to a typical Greek marriage. It is only when Christine falls in love with her student Nick (Alex Dimitrakis), that she develops confidence and emotional strength to break away from smothering family ties.

Nick, in the meantime, comes from the opposite end of the Greek social scale. Raised by a single parent, who works in a factory, Nick is a working-class Greek who presents a challenge to Christine, who sees his potential and is frustrated by his lack of interest in studying. His interest in Christine is ignited when she loyally for the official acceptance of a school soccer team that Nick has attempted to establish.

Both Nick and Christine have

ambitious and passionate Greek which leads both in conflict. In fighting-to-establish Nick's soccer team, Christine finds herself "playing mother," at first with the staff and then later in coping with a father (Nick Lathouris), an ex-convict, to coach the team.

Nick is attracted to Christine on two levels: she is the mother he does not have, which evokes his deep yearning, and she is also a fiery-looking teacher who turns his schoolboy hormones haywire. Nick's youthfulness and energy impress Christine. He is the antithesis of Daniel (Steve Bastoni), her father and "father-in-law."

Christina, concerned by what people will think, vacillates about having an affair with Nick. Fi-

nally, motivated by a passion that it will be okay provided no one knows, she takes the plunge, rebuffing it as one last wild stand before she becomes a good Greek wife.

In many respects, Christine sees love as traditional. She has a hybrid concept of love reinforced by her parents, who see her marriage as a kind of final loyalty, and reinforced by her family's view of herself as the decision-maker who expects her father to be the obliging wife. At first she shares her relationship with Nick in the same light, it is okay to be off from the condition she married her husband.

On the other hand, while Nick understands what love is, it is only when he falls in love with Christine that he realizes love's responsibilities. Their first sexual encounter is complicated at her girlfriend's flat, whose walls are lined with posters. This should not only represent deception but signify that, in discovering love and coming of age, Christine and Nick have to release their mother. In Christine's case, that means confronting her father and family, and knowing she is not ready for marriage, it also means throwing her safe job and awaiting her independence by moving out of home. In Nick's case, it means applying himself to his studies and his second love, soccer, so that he can prove to his father his love and worth.

Nick is without heartbreak, and both characters discover that in breaking away they embrace a new set of risks and fears. The film ends on an up, but ambiguous note, whether Nick and Christine stay lovers is not certain, but their relationship has enabled each to break free of conditional love and seek their own paths with world.

Through the use of multi-camera set-ups and hand-held camera techniques, director Michael Jenkins has imbued *The Heartbreak Kid* with great intimacy, exemplified especially in scenes during a student soccer scrimmage, staged like jump ballads and a ball high in the air, long left and right, the action intensely spins other

CHRISTINA KERNER AND ALEX DIMITRAKIS  
MUSIC: JERRY THE HARTBEAT KID







the richness of the tradition of practitioners and the presence of migrants as both migrants and non-migrants in the life of the community—and might be viewed enough to conjecture that Black has actually created a fairly sophisticated necessary space in the clothes of lightweight

**CLAND**

The play's intriguing Orlando (Tilda Swinton) is first a man, then a woman, who lives through two centuries. As a man, he is given property by a queen on the condition that he never "withers" or grows old. He then experiences unrequited love, suffers poverty, though not as early as successfully as Orlando does. In the novel, he is said to die as an ambassador, it is said by a written brochure from England – called Henry (John Wood), who has lost a treasure which his wife, a woman and wishes to marry England where he has before a mythical subject with itself as Pope and Swinton before rejecting marriage proposals, leaving quite a deal of possessions and discovering the importance of self-love and an overbearing sense of intellect and morality.

period. Infection and irony is lost, and one is left with the thought that *Conrads* is a film that just seems to have gained more than one or two insights (some of which are unorthodox ones) despite four centuries of education! But, the production designers have done a marvelous job, and the use of colour coding (for example, pale shades in one scene of *Madiba* history) is functional and suggestive. And the editing and shooting – done in such a way that they suggest a discontinuity between the time space and present the narrative as a sequence of increasingly self-identified historical tableaux – are polished to perfection! The techniques themselves, at least, provide one of the charms that can divide the past and the present, and of the need for that afterlife which is inelegantly transposed into metaphors and images of the martyred self!

**OSCARING** Directed by Sally Potter. Producer: Christopher Sheppard. Executive producers: Anna Winkler, Linda Joyce. Line producer: Lauren Seg. Scriptwriter: Sally Potter. Based on the book by Virginia Woolf, *Orlando* (photography: Alistair Phillips). Production designers: Steven De Jan. Costume: Sue Birchard. Editor: Sandy Powell. Sound consultant: Jean-Louis Gascard. Editor: Peter Siskind. Composer: Rob Lamb. Cast: Tilda Swinton (*Orlando*), Billy Zane (*William*), Lindsay Duncan (*The Duke*), John Wood (*Woodruff*), David Thewlis (*Woodruff's friend*), Michael Sheen (*Madiba*), Gemma Chan (*Queen Elizabeth II*), Peter Dinklage (*John Pope*), Thom Hoffman (*William at dinner*), Jeremy Sumpter (*John Woodruff*). All Adventure Pictures London. Movie film. R. In Signet as production, with the participation of British Screen. Australian distributor: Kinok. Screen 40 mins. U.K. 1997

## THE REFRACTING GLASSES

ANITA DORRIS

I really started to get interested in making time when, would you believe it, I saw Ken D. Hall making *Shanty* in 1940, in some large and repetitive scenes that saw the enormous film crew, with a giant *Monty Python* propeller with yellow motor up, in my face as they waited over the fence and I was fascinated. The other thing that happened round the same time was I went to the party young sister at a birthday party and the parents were showing the little film about *Monty Python* (1944) by Peter Hall, after because these little were always intended in *Shanty*. The fact that I've grown to like *Shanty* as it was there may explain the way my work has always gone.

—David Perry

Through the same art by which he spins his gripes out of himself he weaves himself into it, and every language that a word around the people is which is a word, a word that only he can make it out of in one of the same time when he is in it.

—William Van Houten

**The Refracting Glasses** is a curious chronicle of a man's life and a documentary fact. It is a film written, produced and directed by artist-activist David Perry, a leading figure in the vanguard of Australian experimental film production.

A visual and verbal diary, *The Refracting Glasses* is woven around the meditations and journeys of the fictional character-artifical filmmaker Constant Matarik. Constant (Jack Tegner) begins his creative working life in 1940, in the early 1940s. Like most artists he is obsessed by many things. He is particularly compelled by the art of the early 20th Century and of the Bauhaus.

These fascinations motivate and even dominate most of his personal and creative life. Constant's quest is to understand the complex and difficult relationship that exists between aesthetics and politics. Indeed, his character becomes the embodiment of that dilemma. But the more he interrogates it, the clearer and purer he finds he understands. He travels to New York to see early cubist paintings (he has really admired and later to Russia, to participate in a pilgrimage in search of the future — the works of the Russian Revolution — only to be devastated by the contemporary social decay of this once great revolutionary culture. Throughout, art leads him to politics, he travels lead him from revolutionary romanticism, perhaps even an enlightenment to revolutionary idealism.

To construct the argument, Perry plundered his own life, art

and artistic concerns as subject matter for the film. In fact, Perry's own compelling portraits of the Bauhaus, which are featured throughout the film, are what the film was initially based on. Perry also plays the elusive Matarik and provides the reflective and inquiring voice of his character.

Despite the complexity of the story and messages involved, Perry is not without a sense of humor. *Perry* and *Matarik*, and it has been suggested that all his paintings of the Bauhaus also look like him. On the other hand, there is really a lot of humor in the film. To the extent that these elements are present the film can be said to be autobiographical. What becomes apparent in its telling, however, is that the loss of the central subject and, by implication, the self of autobiography, is increasingly drawn into question — as he is, one could say — and as the complex relationship between an individual in the late 20th Century finally collapses into a series of self, identity and survival.

Perry's concerns are most clearly articulated in the form of a dialogue. The focus of Constant Matarik contains the best of David Perry with questions about artistic practice, political ideals and philosophical poetics. Constant himself mediates between the voice of the pragmatic searching for tangible answers to his artistic questions, and the voice of the philosopher who is entertained by the arguments and a type of quest. There is also other voices. There is the Voice of God (Taylor Dore) whom Perry has likened to the Australian film industry. "This is a terrible voice, often cynical and dismissive, who continually challenges Matarik. 'Who cares about the Bauhaus?' she says. 'People just want a good story.' That is a terrible voice of a producer who wants the debate and just wants to hurry things along. As Constant wrestles and queries to know he encounters others with experiences and longings to surround. These multiple interests, support and contradict each other."

The richest, most poetic, deeply-reflective site of reflection is in the fascinating and complex images. The film is a collage of forms and styles. Photographs, paintings, documentary footage, dissolves, letters, optically printed optical effects, and computer animation are juxtaposed, edited, combined and providing visual counterpoints to each other. These images, forms and elements are further reflected as we see printed paintings and drawings in books. His steps containing precisely projected images now and then the light falls across in rooms, in cars, in trains and in the streets. People, objects, scenes, settings, text that have just been spoken or the questions that we have asked, the artist with his camera, the projector with its light beaming at us after the film has run through. Many of these surfaces are further created with the play of light and shadow, of wind-blown leaves and branches, flickering, as if they were like the cinematic apparatus itself.

In fact, the film is a homage to those beloved objects — the materials of cinema — and their admitted master. There are the sources of inspiration and meaning, the beginning of the

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gent. The first image we see is a hand stirring or writing the Russian word for cinema — *Kino* — on a sheet of paper. The film is directly posited with similar references. For example, in one montage sequence exhibiting the early Soviet filmmakers, there is a direct reference to Olga Petrova's film with a *Movin' Camera* (1895) as Malenka's Soviet camera on a tripod because it's called *malinka* (the little one). The image of Eisenstein, yet another passion of Malenka's (and Perry's) frames and highlights the emotional rigour of these images. In the midst of all this, there is Malenka, the artist, gazing into his garden looking at his films and paintings, imagining the lives of his heroes, scanning the pages of his books, and plotting his way to a Cubist Picasso-Braque exhibition at the Museum of Modern Art in New York.

Just as Cubism was a style of collage and reflection, working against a single point of view, and Russian Constructivism was characterized by the linking together of disparate elements, *Refraction* glazes collage and montages its diverse moments: formal styles and points of view. Though their revolutionary art movements are so essential to Malenka's vision, his sense of self they are also about the dissolution at least of meaning no longer being centred on a single subject, or single point of view. Malenka is (and Perry's) dilemma, therefore, becomes the problem of the subject, that is, how to be the artist to reconcile subjective interest with a political consciousness?

As Malenka journeys across continents, through time into the past, searching for loose links, perhaps placed to the puzzles he has created, increasingly his obsessions, the objects of his attention, the sources of his inspirations, his inspirations become further complicated.

Exactly half way through the film, Malenka is in an attic, a young man with no nose, camera. It is 1903. He is intrigued by the glimmers of this date. Malenka reflected that this is the year "Eisenstein died" (and) "Picasso did a very bad portrait of Stalin." Through the attic window we see flickering images from the past. Any journey inevitably involves one in the crossing of boundaries. On this train he meets a man, like himself, who never travels. He meets the subject of the interview, literary hero, Eric Mallory (in English). Two poets, Stewart and McCauley, created Eric's poems by collaging other texts, and created a character they considered poetic and unclassified, who was to have (a) school of sleep and someone whom they believed could never be an artist. This school on, which was once considered so successful, is now mostly seen as one of the first moments of post-modernist practice.

On the way, film a great form, brought to life, enacted. He gives a figure a face and a voice he speaks to Malenka. He recites his poems. Once again, there is a curious tension between text and image. Perry claims to feel a strong sense of identification with this son academically trained artist (Perry apparently left school at 16).]

However, there is something even more in-

portant about Eric Mallory's persona, the fact that Perry brings to life something that was only ever imagined or described about was testament to the power of the artistic creative act. Perry paid \$10,000 to Pavel Kopylov, a Gorch architect living in Sydney, to create a monument to the Third International into being. This was also inspired argument, that was never built, never was, becomes constructed before our very eyes. In another sequence, Talin's man-powered flying machine, the Latavik, is also extended into life, flying ideas the frames of celluloid bringing inevitably a long-held dream. There is some of the man-powered sequences in the film — the poetic transcendence of static endeavour. The impossible becomes possible.

But something else changes when Malenka and Lydia (Lydia Pagan) travel to Russia. For Constant, this is a journey from the artist to the source of his inspiration in Russia, however, he seems immobilized. He even describes his documentary practices as "impressionist" rather than "visual material". The style changes from the poetic to the didactic, and we begin to witness something reminiscent of a person's first voyage. For a while the story even becomes Lydia's as she spends time with his family and looks herself within a community, within a history. When Lydia has to return to Australia, leaving Malenka alone in Russia, the story becomes his once more. Only now he seems to have lost his way. His journey through Russian streets, searching for something that no longer exists, or maybe never existed. He visits the site of his imaginary construction of Talin's monument to the Third International. He has become a male in a desert landscape searching for something he seems no longer certain of.

Affirming the last images of the film, we see Malenka standing next to a Russian boy who offers him a cake. He seems full. The words he speaks are of the beliefs and commitments of others, almost as if he has capacity to hold them.

Later Constant thought of Alex (the Russian language teacher), saying that Russia taught him to love his ethics, and (the Russian) capitalist. Lucille's passion for fairness and equality, and the kindness and warmth of Lydia + Pleasant family in spite of all the disruption.

This is a subtle, humble ending to a film of true inwardness, of breadth of style and inspired sense of purpose. It is a film that David Perry has described as having grown out of images, rather than text. And in the power and poetry of these images that reveal with the viewer, while expertly reading David Perry's next selection of his life as an artist.

- 1 David's Pleasures, No. 1000
- 2 Theories of the Pleasure
- 3 David's Pleasures, No. 1000

**THE REFRACTING GLASSES** Directed by David Perry. Producer David Perry. Scriptwriter David Perry. Director of photography David Perry. Music David Perry. Computer animation David Perry. Film animation David Perry. Sound recording David Perry. Editor David Perry. Composer David Perry. Music David Perry. (Constant Malenka), Leon Targum (Constant Malenka in 1903), Talin Deyan (Constant Malenka as a child), Taylor Deyan (The Voice of

God, Lytle Fager Lytle), An Barbara (An Barbara), Eric Mallory (Eric Mallory), Sally Wainman (Sally Wainman), Bobby Ferguson (Bobby Ferguson in 1903), David Perry (Australian director), 471 11mm 120 mins. Australia, 1993.

## RICH IN LOVE

1993, 1993

**A** narrative practice at the beginning of Rich in Love points to a contemporary film-drama which drives its main characters into authorial change. The film itself, by Australian director Bruce Beresford, is rather more a failure for male-offering that has been shunted off the same Hollywood production system responsible for *Driving Miss Daisy* (1989). Despite a few reassuring qualities, mostly in the acting department, it appears short on passion and inspiration, and big on predictability.

Based on the novel by Josephine Humphreys, the film inspects its way through a crisis in the Cohen family whose home is set on the waterfront in South Carolina. It begins interestingly enough with a middle-aged man, Warren Cohen (Robert Downey Jr.), arriving home from a fishing trip to find Helen (Jill Clayburgh), his wife of 27 years, gone. A note signed by her has been intercepted by the pair's teenage daughter, Lucille (Pamela Reed), re-written, then handed to her father. The viewer has reason to believe the road ahead will be an eventful one as Warren seeks Lucille at a series of what-driven searches for the wife.

The early screen slanders, however, as Warren reconfigures himself to his loss and seeks out a type of spiritual simplicity, oblivious of the fact that Lucille has made major sacrifices to help him. What we are left with is a story that focuses on the complexities of relationships where, for the first time in his life, the patriarchal Warren is forced to look at the young daughter (and, later on, an older daughter) as someone with a life and opinions of her own.

After Perry is quickly identified as Warren, a transition from well-satisfied husband to glorified underdog, the ultimately female-driven of sorts. One suspects, however, too much has been demanded of the highly esteemed Perry. For one, he failed to keep his classic Shakespearean intention for that of a (submerged) Southern drawl, which after a time becomes an important tool to meaningful emotional exchange between himself and Lucille who gives a good showing of a teenager whose shared love of conversationality takes an insight beyond her years. In fact, Perry and his family managed to hold the picture together until the much-needed emotional older daughter, Rae (Sally Ann), and her new husband, Billy McCauley (Kyle MacLachlan), about a third of the way through.

The screenplay by Alfred Uhry (who won an Academy Award for *Driving Miss Daisy*) re-focuses a thing or two about relationships and the fragility of the human condition but does not compare up through (female) texts to make this fairly commonplace family dilemma as riveting as it might have been. Even with the arrival of new essentially-duplicate characters and new conflicts, a few of them seen and done before.



Wagner tells for a fiery redhead, 'Miss Delaney' (Faye Larkin), who suddenly gets a spring break stop while young Lucille thrags off the old man's of her high school romance. Wagner Frederick (Elton Howard), in favour of big sister's new beau.

counterpoint and a contrasting agent to the drama. In the way Paul Schröder's culturally aware New Orleans reflects the more marginalised dimensions in *Get People* (1985).

100

**L**osses based on several America's Cup races and on a book, *Comeback: My Road to the America's Cup* by former America's Cup captain Garry Condit, Wood explores the theme of winning and losing, using the emotional tug of war between career and home as a metaphor for life.

pendence. Kate echoes the feeling when, in a fit of anger, declares to Will that she is sick and tired of "getting sucked into his life". It is only when Will loses the race that he realises how much he needs Kate, both professionally and emotionally.

In the third chapter, Will learns how independent Kate is, which only makes him more determined to woo her back. Kate and her new love interest, Joe Harper (Stefan Skarsgard), test-gliders in an isolated airfield. Like Will, Kate has thrown herself into her work, which has not been very successful. She has become used and resigned to her life until Will reappears. Will and Joe discuss plans to win back the Cup. Kate initially grants the idea with scepticism and hostility, but Will's change of attitude causes her to side. In this chapter, the parallel between love and career continues. Will is faced with a dual task: to win back his love and to regain the Cup. But in order to do this he must not compromise his principles, his love and his desire to win. He must not dominate and usurp his life.

To succeed he has to battle with the establishment. Faced with lack of funds and a caucus, Will enters the Pittsburg Margen World Juggernaut. Although she is laterily viewed as a barbie by Kate and Joe, but earns her stripes with her gift of the gab and her contacts. Abigail is caught between being won over by Will's determination and the fear of taking the Cup and finally proving to her father her worth. The film relaxes some clichés but when true managetta, such as it

is, it's worth cannot be measured by money greed causing downward news (cups) based on the way of sports, and the old chestnut, love conquers all.

Served by some spectacular sailing as scenery, *Wind* is an overly ambitious look at one of the world's most expensive sports and the price individuals pay to win the America's Cup. Its portrayal of the Australian competition as (pardon the pun) sailing below the belt to win the Cup is sure to offend some Aussie patriots. The schmeizy sailing antics, the film's cynical commentary about the nature of the sport and its effect on relationships. Meaning the film is a Miss & Book cover story for the high seas.

**WIND** Directed by Carroll Ballard. Producers: Mark Furusawo, Tim Luddy. Executive producers: Frances Ford Coppola, Fred Fuchs. Associate producer: Andy Nichols. Scriptwriters: Rudy Wurlitzer, Eric Galtman. Story by Jeff Benjamin, Roger Vaughan. Screenplay by Stephen Galtman. Director of photography: John Toll. Production designer: Laurence Trevelyan. Cost-

ume designer: Mark Allen. Sound recorder: Steve Korte. Sound design: Alan Spier. Composer: David Phelan. Editor: Michael Chandler. Cast: Matthew Modine (Will), Patrick, Jennifer Grey (Kate), David (Joe), Stefan Skarsgard (Joe Harper), Rebecca Miller (Abigail), Neil Patrick Harris (Carr), John Wood (Margen), John Thompson (Jack), Kate Winslet (Abigail), and production designer: Laurence Trevelyan. Australian distributor: Hertz. 1995. 125 mins. 12 R. 1995.

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# THE 17TH INTERNATIONAL HONG KONG FILM FESTIVAL



THE FATHERS OF  
EXPERIENCE: A YOUNG BOY AND GIRL  
FROM CHINA-USA

**Y**ou know you are in Hong Kong when the pre-screening starts to be audiences to turn off their papers and mobile telephones. Not that they do and the incessant beeping preludes snowing during movies. Still, that is about the only reminder at the festival of the commercial fuels and beauty that is Hong Kong.

Now in its seventeenth year, the Hong Kong International Film Festival is not only the most important festival in our region but also a great cultural event. It is not just a collection of previews for the art-house circuit.

The international round-up and Atlantic independent film sections of the Festival would have been of great interest to local festival-goers because Hong Kong does not have a developed art-house circuit and this might well be the audience's only chance to see these films. However, from an Australian point-of-view, many of these films have already watched here, and that the Asian cinema section of the Festival that usually holds the greatest interest, as many see films get shown here first.

Unfortunately few of the major Asian directors had any new works at Hong Kong this year.

Zhang Yimou, Hou Hsiao-Hsien, Edward Yang, Wu Ziniu, Stanley Kwan and others were all still working on new films. Chen Kaige's long-awaited epic about Beijing opera actors, *Farewell to My Concubine* (Farewell to the U.S.), had to be included because Cannes Festival rules forced prior screening at other festivals, even though the film had already had a successful release in Hong Kong. In *Beijing through My Eyes*, it is a deep going, but perhaps unsurprising, that there are so many complaints but few outstanding Asian films at Hong Kong this year.

The one major exception was Malaysian-born Taiwanese director Tasi Hsing-Liang's *Rebels of the Motor Club* (Ching Shep Hui Hei Che) a film about juvenile delinquency and urban violence set in the grunge of modern day Taipei. The main character, Hsiao Kang, is a teenager bored with countering school and coming home to dinner with his parents. He becomes fascinated with an older youth Ah Tse, a petty thief who steals from phone boxes to fuel his video-games habit after Ah Tse sneaks his Kang's father's taxi. To his parents' incomprehending fury and despair, Hsiao Kang drops out of school



and broke marriage. Or is it that he wants to get to know Ah Tin?

As intriguing as the ambiguous narrative is Tsai's slow-steered detailing of the lives of these marginal people in modern Taipei. Their lives take forms and a kind of style that hangout at an Ah Tin's apartment. The latter is addressed in three water that comes and goes at the will of the seagull plucking. When Hsiao Kang smashes up Ah Tin's beloved motorcycle, Ah Tin accepts bad luck, glides his way through the sudden dates and girls on his life.

No other Asian film displayed the same sure feet for quiet observation of telling visual details, and the locationist agreed that this is the Asian find of the year. Apparently, *Friends of the Neon Green* declined by the Williams Film Festival on the grounds that it is too difficult for local audiences. Let's hope that proves wrong.

Other films were noticeably far from the concerns, but all were heavily dependent on dialogue and drama, in doing the usual style and invention of *Rebels of the Neon God*. From Taiwan was *The Wedding Banquet*, which had already shared the Golden Lion at Berlin in February, and was the year's doing film at Hong Kong. Heralded as a crowd-pleasing comedy, some critics are saying this is the film's *Golden Bedroom* (Bar Lubman), in those grounds. Although nominally a satirical, it touches on social taboos because it deals with homosexuality. The main character lives in New York with his Caucasian lover. When he brings out a friend by agreeing to a prearranged marriage, his family travels from Taipei for the momentous event, and much tears ensue.

*The Wedding Banquet* returned to Berlin prize with *Glenn's Family* (Jiang Wen He Xie Pei) from the People's Republic. This was widely considered a diplomatic award. The film is a complicated maledrama about the life of a woman entrepreneur caught between the feudal values she was brought up with, and which oppress her in her personal life, and the modern world of the burgeoning Chinese marketplace. The film of late insight into contemporary Chinese life, and is filled by a moving, sincere performance from Mongolian actress Baga Davaa in the main role.

However, while director Xie Pei's work is competent it is also uninteresting, except when he strays shamelessly from the work of his former students at the Beijing Film Academy, including a wedding scene filmed straight out of Zhang Yimou's *Red Sorghum*: head-held shots from inside the wedding arden and all. Perhaps this is not surprising that the Hong Kong organizers decided to run the film in the regular screening and not feature it, despite the Berlin award.

*Glenn's Family* reveals just how much the dream of the People's Republic is suffering after its heyday in the 1980s. Now it is being squeezed from both sides by the demands of the

free-flowing and ever more commercial economy and by the post-Tiananmen censor.

The opening film, screenwriter Ming Ying's second feature, *Far From Heaven* (Lai) was achieving comedy about a group of retired Beijing opera fans. Although very enjoyable, well acted and well observed, it is handicapped by a minuscule budget and a totally innocuous storyline designed to keep the censor happy.

The slick opportunity of Huang Jianxin's treatment comedy, *Shut Up, Don't Scream* (Over) (Zhang Jie) (see page), with its message that money can overcome all political differences appealed to Hong Kong audiences apprehensive about 1987, who gave it a spontaneous ovation. However, Taiwanese critics disappointed those who remember the radical expressionist style and biting political satire of his earlier films, such as *Black Cannon Incident* and *Summer*, both made before Tiananmen. Indeed, his new film would be better titled, "Look My Mouth, Don't Censor!"

Other promising Asian features also proved compromised. *Female Japanese Man* (Gaoze Matsubae) and *Abou Love* (Tokuji (All of Us), Tokyo Masuo Yamaguchi) proved well with their respective themes of homosexuality and the lives of married Chinese students in Japan, but a late-twentieth look and sentimentalism undermine the interesting material. Also from Japan, *I've Heard the Absence Murder* (Amemori) (Mitsuru Miyoshi, Issa Yamada) is a beautiful look at fantasy about a brother-sister relationship bordering on incest, but it doesn't have the brittle edge and hidden depths

of the similarly themed *Murder Corner in Like a Lot of Two* (Yagi).

Other films open perked up with government awards and praise, but we all know that is no guarantee of quality. The government-sponsored *Equatorial Stray* (Proclamation) (Arak Anshu, Taku Kari) from Indonesia and the Japanese-Indonesian Thai-Philippine portmanteau film, *Southern Wind* (Shanai Rattavijit) (Qian), like de Leon, Ghaz Saragas, Shou Kokami), were predictably too boring, with the exception of like de Leon's excellent fantasy episode in the latter about The Philippine Ministry of Education's search for something new to sell. After going through schoolteachers who deliver their class by the breathing and an all-pinging, all-dancing confusion, they determine the one thing The Philippines has no shortage of is picturesque scenery, aqueduct and temple.

Taiwanese director Wang Tung's *HM of No Return* (Hu Fan-Du) (Gao Chou) is a movie of no end. Clearly inspired by Hou Hsiao-Hsien's *City of Sadness* and Edward Yang's *A Brighter Summer Day*, Wang has decided to make a long, long historical epic. However, where Hou and Yang chose topics sensitive today, Wang has chosen the brutal treatment of rebels by the Japanese during the 1930s, something the present government feels completely comfortable about, and so he has worryingly awarded but achieved little impact with audiences. Also, where Hou and Yang are international masters of subtle observation, Wang's film tends to endless

IT'S HARD TO ASSESS HIS WORK  
CARING FOR HIS COUNTRYMEN HAS TAKEN.





CAST OF *THE RIVER AGENTS* AT THE 1992 FESTIVAL

weep again, despite its carefully-observed period detail.

Similarly, Park Chung Il's *Our Teacher Went* (*Woondeul isseopgo*) Young-Woong appears to satirise with a story about tyranny and the difficulties of democracy and the role of the elites in a high school. However, by satirising the film in the 1990s and separating upon the authority of a new teacher to resolve the situation, Park's satirically well-made and aided meta-drama hardly represents a challenge to present-day Korea.

In these circumstances, one turns to the ever-dependable, energetic and lively cinema of Hong Kong to ease the day, and save the day if it did. However, it must be noted that the best of this year's films may not play very well with audiences unfamiliar with Hong Kong cinema as they depend heavily on pastiche and references to great Cantonese cinema, film festival cinema and film festival organisers (I think he has noted) as a post-modern tendency has been building for a couple of years now.

The most accessible film in the tendency is *It's a Wonderful Life* in the market arts genre and secondplay of the 1980s and 90s. Classic director Tsui Hark (director of his subversive revival of the late 19th century hero Wong Fei Hung with *Once upon a Time in China II* (*Huagonghuo zhi anshuwei chengguo*), which marks a return to straight martial arts film, likely to appeal to foreign audiences despite the nationalistic theme *Shenwutian* (*Qinghe anshuwei*) (*Qinghehuo zhi anshuwei*) and *Swordsmen II* – *The Seal is Red* (*Donghehuo zhi anshuwei*) (*Qinghehuo zhi anshuwei*). Raymond (Lee) mark a return to another type of martial arts, *Walled in* (his time by Tsui Hark) with characters using mystical system use spells and leaping through space and time in a manner that delights local audiences but may seem unconvincing to the sceptical and literal imagination.

If the Asian festival selection's mind bag, the documentaries were better. Australia's *Seven Disasters* and the *Angkor Wat* (Japan by Gendai) (Korea) were down a beat, and Korea was surprised by several foreign quarters after the screenings.

Appropriately in the year of the Festival's tribute to the great Japanese documentary, *Shimizu Opawa* (released in 1992, *Changpwa River Agents* (*Age of the* *Shimizu*)) takes up Opawa's focus with excellent results. Like Opawa, the filmmakers want to live with their subjects and, as in Opawa's film, the subjects are plagued by social ills, in this case Shimizu disease as the result of mercury poisoning. The power of the film comes from the fact that it does not focus so heavily on the disease and the local efforts to fight for compensation as it does on how they go about their daily lives despite their sufferings. This is a depth of understanding, sympathy and observation that could only be reached by following Opawa's technique of living in the community, and is the complete antithesis to the conventional requirements of documentary objectivity. The result is a film seems slow at first but rapidly becomes engrossing, moving and totally compelling viewing.

As well as *Living with the River Agents* and the tribute to Opawa – composed of *Nirvana: Passant of Second Paradise* (*Nirvana* – *Passant of Second Paradise* 1971), *Nirvana: First Village* (*Nirvana* – *First Village* 1973), *A King in the Storm* (*Changpwa River Agents* 1973), *Changpwa River Agents* (*Changpwa River Agents* 1973) and *Changpwa River Agents* (*Changpwa River Agents* 1973) – a significant body of independent vision by national Chinese documentary was ignored. Until recently, all filmmaking in China has been completely under the control of the State. However, the advent of the video camera has made independent cinema possible. These new filmmakers operate on minimal budgets and distribute

#### DOCUMENTARY

CAST OF *THE RIVER AGENTS* AT THE 1992 FESTIVAL







### THIS IS ORSON WELLES

Orson Welles and Peter Bogdanovich, edited by Jonathan Rosenbaum. Harper Collins, London 1999, 300 pp., hb, £19.95pb

HARIBHET SMITH

Orson Welles scintillated the redoubtable filmmaker made films in America from anywhere else. But his own flamboyant persona, huge talent, and provocative personality were too much for the Hollywood studio bosses, and Welles was forced into exile, making his films in any way he could.

So when Universal asked him to direct *Touch of Evil* in 1948 – on Charles Harnen's suggestion, Welles thought he'd come home. During the filming, the Universal executives would watch his rushes and compliment him. Then they'd ask, "When are you going to sign a two or five picture contract with us? Please come and see us."

Then they saw the finished outtakes, and were shocked. Welles says: "The pictures looked there in some funny way. They particularly disliked the black comedy – the kind people saw less." He was fired and Universal brought in another editor.

Barbara Leaming writes in her book on Orson Welles: "As far as Hollywood was concerned, Orson had proved his volatility at, well, entirely become for all time, the image of him that they had had all along."

Welles was fierce and notoriously haunted his all his life, but Peter Bogdanovich never let Welles feel the critical asides he de-

served. In 1981, Bogdanovich organised a retrospective of Welles' work for the Museum of Modern Art, and wrote a 15-page booklet on him. When Welles and Bogdanovich finally met in 1986, and decided to do a book of extended interviews, they also embarked on a complicated friendship that was to last 17 years.

They met intermittently and Bogdanovich followed him round the world, turning up on various movie sets while Welles was either directing or acting. But when Bogdanovich's own career floundered and he suffered a personal tragedy in the early 1980s, the tapes were put into storage. They were only reactivated after Welles' death in 1985, with the help of Welles' long-term companion Cje Kodas, and have taken almost as long as some of Welles' films to reach the public.

But now, finally, with *This is Orson Welles*, we have a fantastic Bogdanovich edition of his invaluable tapes, and asks Welles seemingly every possible question about his filmmaking.

Bogdanovich writes in his preface that he was motivated by the "damaging look" on Welles by Charles Harnen, Pauline Kael and John Houseman. That did nothing to increase Orson's chances of getting a job as a director. One look, grudgingly given him only *Kane*, the other two tried to take over his seat.

Most of the time it's Bogdanovich who is asking the questions, but sometimes their roles are reversed. Welles comments "Emotions have can charge up a living theatre, but on the screen there's often I could be jumping in to focus. Strong feelings can get very messy. What the camera does and does uniquely is to photograph thought. Don't you agree?" The more fully weed the material Bogdanovich replies: "Maybe. I'd like to have a little more time on that one."

Welles regarded radio as a friend: "You can hear a phony feeling tell you an actor's." His famous radio radio broadcast, *The War of the Worlds* in 1938, convinced the listening audience that America had been invaded by Martians, and convinced the contemporary Welles doesn't mention his writer Howard Koch in *The Orson Welles and Pauline Kael* has accused him of often taking too much credit for the show when the press hysteria broke, thus ensuring that Koch didn't receive the same publicity.

But on the collaboration of Herman Mankiewicz in the writing of *Citizen Kane*, Welles is much more generous. He lets Bogdanovich that his contribution to the script was "enormous".

Nevertheless, most of *This is Orson Welles* is about his own contribution. Welles reveals that

he borrowed the famous breakfast scene from the theatre, and scripted some of the more unusual set points. During rehearsal, Bogdanovich asks whether "disco-flops come to achieve increase the ambiguity of a movie, because the director doesn't make choices for the audience: they can decide who or what they want to look at in the frame?"

Welles replies: "That's right. I did a lot of talking about that in the early days of my life as a filmmaker – when I was more philosophical and used to sound off on theory – it strikes me as pretty obvious now, I don't know why I came on so strong about it."

Later Bogdanovich asks, "Would you agree in general that Kane is more self-conscious directionally than any of your other films?" Welles agrees and says, "There are more conscious shots – for the sake of shots – in Kane than in anything I've done since." He continues: "There's a kind of unjustified visual cynicism at times in *Kane*, which just came from the exuberance of discovering the medium. Now let's talk about something else."

Welles clearly objects to those who want to know everything about Kane while ignoring all his other film. When Bogdanovich does get over the preoccupation, *This is Orson Welles* becomes even more interesting. We are given a detailed account of how the editing of *The Major Ambrose* (1943) went so terribly off the rails.

Welles had been sent to Rio on a crazy political mission by Nelson Rockefeller, and after Robert Wise was fired at the mercy of the H&O studio bosses, who in turn were at the mercy of private audiences. Bogdanovich quotes from a letter he received from Welles where he explains that "The South American episode is the one I'd like to do in my story so of course, you'll want to get it straight."

"This is really urgent for me, because, once again, the legend that grew up out of the affair has lost me the chance to make a picture. Mr. Higham seems to have passed on this. Once again I am the man who irresponsibly dropped everything to wrap it up in the carnival in Ray and having created a picture there, capably refused to finish it. No use trying to explain that I didn't fit down to South America for the fun of it... I was put to me that my contribution as a kind of Ambassador extraordinary is could be truly meaningful. Naturally, I feel doubts about this, but Roosevelt himself helped to persuade me that I really had no choice."

Welles is very persuasive on this, and truly there is no reason why we should believe him. It's certainly true that more than any other single event, the Rio fiasco changed his career and he was never really welcomed in Hollywood again.

But the real reason that Welles himself acknowledges is that his scripts were just too

dark Hollywood. He was driving into a school bus at a station that wasn't really too official (with the exception of *The Stranger* 1946) which Welles didn't like) and looked the glass and glamorous Hitchcock, Wilder and other directors of the time.

Welles in his informal style very kept showing time that had actually very offbeat film. *The Stranger* was the first commercial film to use footage of Nazi concentration camp sites (see: *Hitler Speaks* 1935, *Hitler* 1938) and *Madeth* (1946) was played with 1940s format and extremely pessimistic endings (Welles himself says that *Madeth* has "a sort of terrible magic") and *The Lady From Shanghai* (1946) portrays all the central characters with a sort of chilling pessimism.

But this is *Orson Welles* also has moments which show his great work. Welles tells Bogdanovich that he was a day from a Russian investor courtesy of Winston Churchill. Welles was in *Warner* of the same hotel as the great man, and Welles says that as he passed his table in the restaurant "I bowed to him. And Churchill - I don't know why, for reasons of irony, it would me up. I can't imagine why - full stop, up, down, and then I suppose I was somewhat at joke. Well the Russian showed said, 'You're close to Churchill' and the deal was closed right then."

Throughout the book Welles is an apologist for his art, but he always intriguing wants to say about almost everything involving filmmaking. On seeing he tells Bogdanovich: "An actor himself plays anything (all himself)... He simply takes out that which most himself." In another chapter he says: "Concentration is acting like as a social animal is an actor, everything we do is some sort of performance. But the actor whose profession it is to act is then something else again."

When Bogdanovich asks him about regrets, Welles replies that he has millions of them: "But, you know, I like the people who are ready and willing to make fools of themselves - being, as I am, a full member of the humanity."

One of the greatest regrets explored for the first time in *This Is Orson Welles* was that *The Trial* (1960) was an misunderstanding. He tells Bogdanovich: "You know why you don't like *The Trial*? You haven't seen how funny it is - how funny I meant it to be. Tony Perkins and I were laughing all the way through the shooting."

At another point in the book, Welles adds: "What made it possible for me to make the picture is that I've had recurring nightmares of getting my life in front of me and I don't know why - going to be tried and I don't know why. It's very personal for me. A very personal expression, and it's not at all true that I'm off in some foreign world that has no application to myself. It's the most satiricographical movie I've ever made, the only one that's really close to me."

Welles' lifelong battle to remain a filmmaker against absolutely odds makes him an astonishingly enduring figure, even though one senses that his memory of events may differ from others. Bogdanovich describes it as his "seemingly perpetual pursuit for never become an old and arid, a grey sage, but rather kept to the end a sense of that first youth of invention and innovative genius with which he fired all the enterprises he tried, as the other artists he inspired."

Or Welles the man, Bogdanovich writes that "he was a remarkably conspicuous man, yet he was personally sensitive and vulnerable in a far more painful way than his confident demeanor or his continuous exterior personality would suggest."

So if you are looking for the definitive or even Orson Welles, this is certainly it, though the book still leaves some questions in the reader. This is *Orson Welles* comes complete with a very detailed chronology of Welles' career, plus the author starts right. *The Magnificent Ambersons* that was deleted and ended with the studio and deleted critical notes that try to clear up some of the major controversies surrounding Orson Welles.

You can read this book and make up your own opinions, which certainly can be said for the other books that have been published on the man, his life and his art.

• • • • •

# 'WELL, I HEARD IT ON THE RADIO AND I SAW IT ON THE TELEVISION...'

Miriam Langford, Australian Film Commission Sydney, 1992, 80 pp., pb., up \$14.95

DAVID HOLLINGSWORTH AND KAREN JENNINGS

Miriam Langford's commissioned essay is defined by the author as an "attempt to stimulate discussion of a critical and critical approach that could guide and inform the Australian Film Commission and other readers and policy-makers in the development of policies and programs to encourage Aboriginal production and distribution" (p. 110). It does this by repeatedly demanding an anti-colonialist perspective on representations of Aboriginality. As Australian anthropologist Ian Woodward, this explicitly political stance is noteworthy given the paucity of the colonizing imperative in Australian art and film, even in those supposedly post-colonial times.

Langford's discussion ranges over conditions of production and distribution across settled and remote Aboriginal film practices, and includes accounts of *Right On*, *A River's Tragic*

edy, *Jardine* and *Jardine's Lady*, as well as the work of the Warjari Media Association of Yuendumu and other community media groups. Her commentaries on these works are the most detailed and interesting sections of the essay. In addition, there are more polemical and canny accounts of mainstream film and literary texts such as *Jane Eyre*, *Corrobbi*, *Darkness and My Place*. Along the way, she touches on the ethical and political aspects of filmic representation of race and gender, she references to *The Good Women of Aboriginal*, and the critical writings of Michelle Wallace and Marianne Torgovitch.

The real strength of this essay lies in Langford's fierce reading of the complex politics of Aboriginal representation. She seeks to go beyond the comfortable, if impossible, demand for total artistic control of such representation to an insistence on a more dynamic and inclusive notion of Aboriginality as intersubjectivity. She rejects essentialist and unitary definitions arguing that Aboriginality is "a kind of intersubjectivity in that it is somehow over and over again in a process of becoming, of (re)negotiating, of representation and interpretation" (p. 123). Both Aboriginal and non-Aboriginal people participate in this dialogue.

This theoretical insight enables Langford to acknowledge that an ethical post-colonial critique and practice is possible among non-Aboriginal filmmakers. Conversely, she rejects the naive belief that Aboriginal people will necessarily make better representations simply by virtue of being Aboriginal. As Langford observes, such essentialist perspectives Aboriginality ultimately without regard to the intersections of race with "cultural, class, gender, sexual pref-

'Well, I heard it on the radio and I saw it on the television...'



MIRIAM LANGFORD

anceful" (p. 37).

Langton's discussion of *Jindane Lady Night* (1981, A. Rural Theatre) and *Jindane* highlight her concerns with both racism and racism and the relationship to acknowledge their intersection in colonialist representations. Her experience as the lead in *Tracy Moffatt's A Night On A Rural* Theatre gives a particular velocity to her reading of the film in which she identifies a "terrifying gaze" in which "all men are disappeared".

Her discussion of the discursive formation of Aboriginality stresses that all film can be followed and accounts. They are not transparent reflections of reality but highly constructed mediations. This is equally true of Aboriginal self-representations as of non-Aboriginal representations of Aboriginality. However, the lack of firsthand contact with Aboriginal people for most Anglo Australians ensures the dominance of external racist discourse as much mainstream Australian film and television. Langton identifies some of the familiar stereotypes and icons of Aboriginality which are produced when *Dialogue with Aboriginal people* is missing. They include the stereotypical: the Palace Shirt Aboriginal, the "Kiss Hell" Dance, Marbut, the "Kiss of the Gods" and the "Kiss of the Gods". These "false" figures of the marginal are generated by Australian image producers. They are also distant distillations of an actual world of people who will not bring down the neighbourhood real estate values" (p. 39).

Despite the pervasiveness of such racial stereotypes, Langton is adamant that one is not talking for Aboriginal, which she sees as denied

of "our right and our capacity to explore and change our distorted and/or colonised selves and the discourse which continues to mystify our condition" (p. 67). Her rejection of censorship and her condemnation of racist "politically correct" portrayals of white invaders as single-minded brutal aggressors is coupled with an awareness about indigenous demands for exclusively positive imagery. In a lengthy discussion which was heavily on the spot of *Wahyalla*, Wallace, Langton attacks the conservative hostility to any portrayal of Aboriginals as deviant, criminal or flawed. One is reminded at her defence of David Bradbury's *State of Affairs* in *Filmnews* several years ago. Langton's position is a profoundly liberal one. She is opposed to anything which may restrict dialogue and creativity and sees the cringe about negative portrayals of Aboriginals as tending to deny and concealism.

One of the most interesting sections of the essay concerns *Jindane Lady*. The internet derives as much from an unacknowledged subtext as from what Langton actually says. It is essential to realise that what led to the commissioning of this essay was director Bryan Boylston's accusation that the ABC's racial education provide post-production training for *Jindane Lady* constituted racial discrimination.

Given the background, Langton's equivocation about the aesthetic merits of *Jindane Lady* is perhaps understandable. In a strangely tangential discussion in which the dress parallels with *Jindane's* video clips and *Paula's* dancing

she argues is that *Jindane Lady's* moral actuality, both by imagery and a polemical "political correctness". Langton asks, "Why is it OK to be portrayed as one-dimensional or as a benevolent figure, and not as helplessly drunk?" (p. 67). She acknowledges that *Jindane Lady's* low budget soap formula should not demand rigorous internal logic, but nonetheless laments its evasion of account and political conditions and its representation of an essential Aboriginality. She leaves an unresolved question for the issue of whether such a film should have been funded by one of the major and/or Australian film institutions. (p. 68).

This is one of a number of questions which Langton leaves hanging in this essay. Another which is particularly tantalising is her suggestion that imagery has "failed in some respect" because of the commercial nature of its image and its dependence on expensive satellite technology. (p. 10).

However, Langton's account of the social and cultural underpinnings of community video and television production (Yvonne Brimble, BRAC, GAAMA) is well documented and informative. Her analysis of the relationship between the Ministry of Media Association and the filmmakers over the *Jindane Lady* film is a salutary lesson in the possibility of equitable, non-colonial collaboration. Similarly, her description of the value to members of the *Corroboree* movement allows how complex kinship relationships and storytelling rules were replicated in the video-making and electronic media technologies and



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efforts have been incorporated into Aboriginal customary law.

While the breadth of Langford's reflections is rich, they do tend towards overstatement based in an 80-page essay, one shouldn't necessarily require someone's references or rigorous scholarship. But her claim that there is no possible body of critical discourse about representations of Aboriginality is certainly unfounded. For example, some of the writers whose work she ignores are Graham Turner, Kevin Brown, Stephen Muecke, Catherine Milnes, Bob Hodge, Vijay Mathur, Tim Rowse, Heather Goodell, et al., and Colin Johnson and Stuart Cunningham on Jocka – not to mention the work of Karen Jennings and David Holtzworth.

Another weakness of an essay which purports to be about Australia is the relatively scant attention paid to cinematic histories such as gender conventions, narrative structures, motifs of violence and other textual devices. Her attention to the position of representation and to the modes of production and reception is much weaker. The imbalance seriously mars her discussion of *Jocka* and *Crocodyl Dundee* and "Crocodyl Dundee II. She only cursory addresses *Jocka*'s racialist/ethnicist discourses, for example Jane Carruthers's *Peacocks Australia*. And her dismissal of *Crocodyl Dundee* as perpetuating racist myths and stereotypes is disappointingly superficial and ignores her own inquiries about the movie's recognition of aboriginal realities. Her selective quoting from Aboriginal identity study on *Crocodyl Dundee* fails to acknowledge the anti-racist potential which films and others have identified within the film.

Such omissions do not diminish the significance of this essay in asserting the need for open and courageous engagement with the complex issues of representing a colonized people as active subjects rather than objects of the white gaze. Langford is good at popularizing theory and, at its best, her essay is both provocative and challenging. It should certainly achieve its aim of stimulating debate. Most of all, it opens up some spaces in both criticism and contemporary in which "Aboriginal and non-Aboriginal artists... including film- and television-makers... [can] say what they want like to say and do" (p. 8).

Note: Karen Jennings' *Ways of Difference: Cinematic representations of Aboriginality and gender* is to be published in August 1993 by the AP as the first in their series of monographs. The following image:



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### DIGITAL NONLINEAR EDITING: NEW APPROACHES TO EDITING FILM AND VIDEO

Thomas A. O'Brien, *Post-Press* (Boston-London 1992) 344 pp., hb. pp. \$160

### GRAMMAR OF THE EDIT

Ray Thompson, *Post-Press* (London 1992) 134 pp., pb. pp. \$40

Editing film was long considered resistant to technology. This belief is changing because some of the 1980s video are trying to find new ways of combining the two forms, and this is bringing revolution around the use of computers. Furthermore, the editing process is becoming increasingly complex with the increase in computer-generated imagery and 3D animation.

The advantages of digital nonlinear editing techniques and systems will fundamentally change the essential traits/features and events are combined, rearranged and viewed.

*Digital Nonlinear Editing* aims to provide detailed exploration of the changes to traditional editing techniques, and of different ways of thinking about film, media and story together.

*Grammar of the Edit*, on the other hand, is a small beginner's manual on how to make an edit. It is not designed for the professional or experienced editor, but is for the beginner to learn good techniques of editing. The author can guarantee that while students may find themselves not on the machine with which it is done.

### DIRECTING CORPORATE VIDEO

Ray Giddens, *Post-Press* (Boston-London 1992) 244 pp., hb. pp. \$60

*Directing Corporate Video* is, of course, for those considering either a full- or part-time career in corporate television. As with other such publications it is designed to establish a framework for opening the door to the corporate video world.

The book is divided into four parts. The first deals with defining the director's profession, and in exploring the differences between the corporate world and the entertainment industry. Part two looks at the basic aesthetic skills a director needs on the foundational knowledge of the director's role. The third part establishes a typical producer's scenario intended to illustrate how the knowledge and skills are applied on the job. Finally part four provides advice and looks at the means for starting up one's directing career.

The book also provides case studies, and the appendices contain examples of the various types of organizational, business and creative documents used daily by the typical corporate director.

### GROWING UP ITALIAN IN AUSTRALIA

State Library of New South Wales, Sydney 1992, 212 pp., pb. pp. \$19.95

This is a collection of non-fiction stories and essays by eleven young Australian women of Italian descent looking back at their childhood. Its

intimacy interest for the readers of *Cinema Papers* is that this collection contains a story by well-known independent filmmaker Monica Pellicani.

Like her film *Yoko Neri* and *Paradiso on the Moon*, Pellicani's story explores the conflicts of experiencing a dual cultural background. She tells of growing up in the western suburbs of Sydney within an loving and protective family environment where she had to break away from against Italian patriarchal traditions and values, facing a woman, to deal with her pre-determined future in an exact hurdle.

Pellicani's story made the collection as a whole a well worth read for anyone interested in the growing concern with issues of cultural difference and identity – issues which a broad of non-Anglo independent film-makers (Pellicani among them) and critical commentators are currently engaged in.

The book is the result of literary competition organized by The National Italian-Australian Women's Association, in co-operation with *Asolo Avenue*. The winner, to quote the Association's President, "was a vital documentation of a period of our history, a period of Italian immigration to this country which needs to be recorded in detail" (p. 14). To which one can add, that as author Pellicani is a major filmmaker of the Australian cinema, this collection provides an insight to the local and overseas issues being grappled with.

### JEAN-LUC GÖDARD: SON + IMAGE, 1924-1991

Edited by Raymond Mabeau with Mary Lee Barry. The Museum of Modern Art, New York 1992 240 pp., hb. pp. \$90

This publication accompanied the MOMA retrospective Jean-Luc Godard's *Son + Image*, a presentation of Godard's projects from 1924, when he first incorporated video technology into his work, through 1991 when he wrote and directed *Alphaville* under his real name (Jean-Luc Godard's *Son + Image* for reference).

This is a beautifully conceived publication with the most impressive photographic reproductions. Apart from Raymond Mabeau, included are other luminary Godard contemporaries as Gilles Deleuze, Alain Bergala, Jonathan Rosenbaum, Peter Winton and many others.

The book will receive an in-depth review in the next issue.

### MANAGEMENT AND THE ARTS

William J. Byrnes, *Post-Press* (Boston-London 1992) 311 pp., pb. pp. \$49.95

*Management and the Arts* highlights the importance of developing managers in the arts. Its specific purpose is to teach the potential art manager is how to help an organization and its artists do in their goals. To meet the objectives, the arts manager must develop and apply skills

IVAN HUTCHINSON

BOOKS RECEIVED  
FROM PREVIOUS PAGES

from disciplines such as business, finance, economics and psychology.

It is an introductory book intended for use by the arts undergraduate, and only hopes to provide useful information about how an arts manager can be as effective as possible with given resources.

## THE PRACTICAL DIRECTOR

John Copp, Focal Press, Great Britain, 1993, 160 pp., pb, n.p. \$59.95

The Practical Director is essentially a beginner's guide book to basic ground rules in visual language and technique. It is intended to be a solid craft skills for the new or inexperienced director.

Because film is a collaborative art, the book highlights the need for young filmmakers to equip themselves with the skills and instruments of other personnel in the production.

This is not as detailed as other Focal Press publications, but still a good starting point for understanding what's involved in the production and post-production phases.

## THE SOUND STUDIO

Alan Mincey, Focal Press, Great Britain, Fifth edition, 1993, 209 pp., pb, n.p. \$69.95

This is a highly technical book, yet it aims to strike a balance between the creative people in production and the technically proficient who deal with the sound engineering aspects of sound.

Sometimes there is little common ground between technical perfection and the aesthetic needs of work at a ground roots level. This book, however, assumes a desire for high standards at all levels in film, catering to the writer, high quality work and as standard by what else they be measured.

The emphasis is on general principles, but this is a very detailed "A to Z" book of the sound studio which is essential in developing sound perception and critical thought. The author demonstrates a thorough knowledge of the field, taking into account new technologies.

WAITING ... A COMEDY OF ERRORS  
AND EXPECTATIONS

Jacqui Williams, University of Queensland Press, St Lucia, 1993, 77 pp., pb, n.p. \$12.95

This is the screenplay to the Australian film comedy by writer-director Jacqui MacKinnon in which Chae (Neil Huxtable), an artist and mother-to-be, residing at an isolated farmhouse in an idyllic bush setting, awaits a telephone for the perfect mate both. Unexpectably, however, these guidelines along with various men, children and animals converge from all directions to assist.

Waiting was nominated for five AFI Awards and the Australian Writers' Guild (AWG) Award for Best Feature Film Screenplay in 1991. ■

The number of releases of film music in 1993 continues to grow, and very little of any real value and interest seems to be overlooked these days by the record companies.

Readers reviewed this issue might have more for Westerns in the 1950s to music for science fiction in the 1980s and while the quality may vary, the standard overall remains high.

One point for complaint. Pretty much no exception the cover "folder" for film music discs are entirely inadequate. Sometimes it is even difficult to discover who the composer is. Rarely is any information of any use or interest given.

## UNTAMED HEART (DAVE MARSHALL 1991)

Like the film, Cliff Edmanson scores for this surprisingly sentimental piece mostly along without creating much interest. Disappointingly, although the only written notes that come with the disc have director Tony Bill call the composer "the best of the best" young composers the opening and closing music on the disc were not included in the film. Instead, if I recall, by version of the old hit, "Make No Boy".

So poetic would be the best word to describe the music, especially with the moderate bridges which are used throughout. Even tracks called "Dashed" and "Heavenly Dream" don't upset the overall placidity for very long.

## INCIDENT PROPOSAL (JOHN BARRY)

The seventh track on this eight-track disc lasts for 55:30" and is called "Instrumental Suite", consisting of five separate but freely defined selections. Anyone with any interest in film music would recognize the composer as John Barry almost immediately. Rich soundscapes of chords and single note piano tenderly reminiscent of, and would have some lost any recent movie scored by this composer.

Once again, slow tempo and the order of the day and there is nothing here to disturb one's being carried peacefully away to somewhere. The other seven tracks also on the disc add, but at least the vocals and arrangements of either Track 3 ("I'll Be With You"), written and performed by Dawn Thomas, is pleasant and the old standard by Peggy Carmichael "The Kissness of You" as performed by Shereka Easton on Track 6 is lively enough but, as I've said, by the general lull throughout, the tempo is too slow.

## THE DARK HALF (DAVE MARSHALL 1991)

To describe a lot of releases this month as suffering from monotony of tempo comes Christopher Young's scoring alone for yet another movie based on a Stephen King yarn. There are plenty of obnoxious sounds and it is well performed, partly by the Munich Symphony, partly by synthesizers and electronic percussion, but after Track 1 ("Prelude and Terror"), which lasts 1:14", there seemed no real reason to hold in full the remaining 12". This will undoubtedly be effective with whatever visuals director George A. Romero turned up, but as a listening experience, it has limited appeal.



## ARTICLE 99 (DAVE MARSHALL 1991)

I have only just caught up with Danny Elfman's score for this movie. A score made in times about miserable conditions of one of a Veterans' Hospital. Elfman's always interesting and even though the first two tracks on this disc could have been written by any number of film composers, the third track ("Sleeping") is undeniably his, with its jagged rhythms, use of harp, piano and woodwinds swirling along and keeping the interest.

Without having seen the film, one is unsure how whether there is a reason to demand Hermann are written playfully or have something to do with the action. Even though this is a conventional sounding score, Elfman's choice is a bit strange and to add to the other collections. The Track 11 ("Old Credits", 6:49") before you buy.

## DAVE (JOHN BARRY)

Just Robert's "popular comedy", about a guy who is a good singer for the U.S. President, seems to be a movie made for adaptive visuals and a patrician or Gentry James Huxton. However, even in both attractive and patrician in a gentle, but somewhat way.

Howard uses a big orchestra, even but the scoring is never overbearing, and Marty Pecher gets it all down with skill on an immaculately engineered disc. Track 8 ("The Great Ma") is a good example of this charming score from the one-time keyboardist for Elton John.





## Paul Cox: Self-portrait of an exile

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 18

Given the story is set before the war, do you see any parallels between those times and today?

We have hit the point where we should really appreciate our development. We have travelled very fast and have only learnt to celebrate the exterior. Our society is geared to ignore the interior. Death, for instance, doesn't exist any more. When did you last see a dead body? People don't die any more among people who love them, they die among strangers in bright little rooms in hospitals – preferably dragged out of their homes!

I have no hope at all for the civilization. I used to think that there was a little glimmer of hope, but there is none for me. I find it very sad and upsetting at times. I turn the television on and I see nothing that appeals to me. I go into shops and find nothing that makes me feel the papers and see nothing I like. I'm not a better old man, but I'm very damp inside. I had high hopes and maybe this is the reason I am travelling back. We must pick up a few thoughts from those earlier times to start rebuilding, otherwise we have nothing.

I'm making, too, a very silent protest against the whole development of film. This is why it will be hated very much. I shouldn't be making these period films because I was doing really quite well and I should have stuck to that.

The idea of picking up on aspects from "back then" could be perceived as naive in that it often sounds as though earlier times were always more innocent.

I'm saying this purely in terms of our environment. It is like we live in a cathedral, where we have run rampant with guns and shot holes in the ceiling. Instead of going around repairing those holes, we have sold a franchise to somebody at the entrance of the cathedral who sells umbrellas or rents them out, so you can walk through the cathedral when it rains. There might even be different people selling various colours of umbrellas.

This is regarded as very uninteresting and important. Surely should we then go get fucked, climb up to the ceiling and repair the holes.

*The Man and the Woman* appears to be a definite stylistic change for you.

Yes, though you always make the same film. It's just a matter of different forms. Here, I wanted to open the front door and go out into the street. That's the only difference.

Does that mean attempting to reach a broader audience?

I find the idea of catering to a particular audience the most ludicrous thing on earth. Despite all my glooms and dooms, I have much more faith in the individual than most. I still tend to believe that there are people rising from the ashes and standing on their own feet. I've always been able to survive because of that belief.

I don't say that because I'm an egoist, or because my ideas are right, but because I do everything with my heart and soul as best I can. I am not motivated by greed or hatred, and, hopefully, not by ignorance.

Are your films aiming for a greater richness by the urgency of the issues they raise, such as the environment?

I certainly never have an audience in mind, even though, of course, I love to share.

For example, I worked myself silly for two years in a movie-museum like Australia makes a film like *Vincent*! *The Life and Death of Vincent Van Gogh*. That is a very weird thing to do: two years, day and night, obsessively working on a film. It was an enormous

job and I did most of it on my own, with the help of a very few friends.

When the film was finally screened to a full house – it wasn't really ready, but it had been cut – a broken everybody walked out. You have to be very tough to survive something like that.

We couldn't get a distributor, and I was in incredible trouble financially. A lot of people wanted their money back. Then it was shown at the Vancouver Festival and the audience exploded. They kept it up for about half an hour and to such a degree that I had to fix the camera.

A few months later, it was suddenly picked up by some big critic at the States and the film blossomed. Now it has become quite a classic. It plays everywhere in reputable houses, except in Australia. We still make sales and the film will live for ever. We are getting so many letters from all over the place and it gives me great joy.

I often am out to work for an audience, already the substance has gone. Collectively, we have no judgement. So, I never concern myself about an audience, though I worry myself sick about it. My films are a message of love. I hope to share. I see that as some sort of holy duty, but I can only do it in my particular way.

Why are your films better received overseas than here?

It's something to do with the tall poppy syndrome. Have always tried to say what I think and I've made enemies – not that I notice who these people are.

Also, don't forget I'm a migrant. There are only about three million original white Australians and they are pretty much like rodents and very noisy.

Look at the people who hold all the so-called important jobs in this country, look at all the television producers, the politicians. They all come from that stock of three million rodents. They certainly don't come from the wonderful ethnic mixtures.

I'm a migrant white, in a fairly bizarre way, is successful. I don't think that appeals to anyone very much. To some it does. In a way a cosmopolitan type of person. I couldn't go onto *Star Week* show and crack jokes about it all. That's my biggest sin. By having a particular attitude, it's interpreted as acceptance. But I don't think I'm accepted. I do think I have something to contribute and I do think a lot of my films have been very good diplomatic things for Australia. They have been seen very widely. They are not indigenous that have no commercial sense. I don't think anybody else can say that their films, in general, across their country. In that respect, I am a very-commercial proposition they should be proud of. I say this with a very humble heart.

To what degree are the performances in *The Man and the Woman* improved?

I think you always make a film during the shooting; you don't do it beforehand. I always allow the actors to contribute as much as possible.

In fact, I have improved on every film I have made. It doesn't feel right, I never stick to the script, even if it was written by me.

A film doesn't have that much to do with literature or theatre, it is rather related to painting or dance or music. So, I'm not terribly concerned about the dialogue at times, which some people regard as a weakness in my films. It probably is, sometimes. All the talking in films goes on the chair. I'd rather see a silent film. In fact, my films are getting more and more silent.

Given that you see the same actors quite consistently, do you ever fear audiences experiencing a sense of déjà vu?

It's up to them. You can have that sense of déjà vu or you can treat the actors.

Two others been attacked for using the same actors, but look at what Eugene Ionesco achieved with the same group of people. In

the films they made not directed by him, they become very ordinary actors. But with Bergman, they really fused all their talents and created something unique and special.

I've had so many chances, even in America, to work with all the so-called big stars. But when you meet these people and look at what they really have done, it's nothing! I won't give my names because I don't think it's fair. But there are hideous examples of talented people who couldn't act their way out of a paper bag. It is amazing how film can lie.

On Enke, I used totally different people. They are very young and had never worked with me. They didn't know what his threat! And I didn't know what he and it was a very interesting and exciting learning experience.

Chenka Karwan and Adam Young are quite spectacular and very wise for their age. At 20, I didn't know anything! I was a baby. They are only 20 but are very mature people and extremely talented. They have an incredible range of emotions and are capable of expressing them all. To rip into all that will take a few films.

So you intend using them again?

Oh, yes. But when I use them three or four times, people will say exactly the same thing about *Alibi* too. ■

## Other projects

(ANDREW S. NEWMAN, BARTLEBY CAPTIVE)

Last year you did a segment on erotica and you have a great variety of projects coming up, one of which is an Australian project.

Originally it was an American film, but now it is an Australian-German co-production. It is set in Israel, but shot in Israel. It's a big film, the biggest one I've ever attempted.

From your own script?

The original idea isn't mine, but I've developed the script with the writer and now it is a 3D \$20 thing.

I have never done this sort of thing before, but I like the idea. It's basically about the Bahai and the Bahai religion, and how they were treated.

The film is close to being made, but I'm still not quite sure whether I'm going to do it. I've just helped them because I believe in it.

How did you become involved in *Eroticism*?

ZDF, together with a German production company, asked me whether I wanted to do this sort of thing. They had set up this series and asked ten directors to do one episode each. They will probably make a feature out of it as well.

It was fun to do and it was left totally up to me. After all, what is *erotica*? It surely is not *Madonna*.

We produced our episode here and sent the components over. It was shot just before Enke, in a period where we had a bit of fun. In one respect, it was quite a commercial step – backwards or forwards!

Do you have any other projects?

I have a film planned in Europe called *Sensée of a Gentleman*, and also I've been working for years on a film on Nijinski's life. It's very hard to get the right support. It's a similar sort of thing to *Vincent*.

Nijinski wrote a quite amazing diary. It's basically the words of a madman, but it all makes enormous sense and it links up with Vincent Van Gogh and his struggle. There is no insanity there, it is just the fact that he wanted to give to others that killed him. The people who didn't love him killed him. That misconception of love always intrigues me.

Vincent Van Gogh and Nijinski both talked about this white light, about a glowing state from behind. What does that mean? Perhaps it is that one moment of glory, like the baller dancer who spends ten years practicing how to stand on one toe and on the big night there is one second of ecstasy before the toe breaks. But that's enough, we must not expect any more.

Van Gogh and Nijinski are perfect examples of great inner beauty. There was no taking at all, only giving, and the world of course was never ready. It treated them both like madmen and they had miserable lives.

I always say to people who don't *Vincent* was mad, "No, he wasn't mad at all. He had a marvellous life with moments of unbelievable ecstasy, which very few people will ever experience." What else do you want in life? ■

## Barry Dickins CONTINUED FROM PAGE 41

there are millions up and come down. For five days, Sonny, Brian and I drove through mud and shod and endless principle and palm plantations to find anyone interesting to do the story, and we bumped into witch doctors, and pompous barons who chuckled at the traps and mysterious Barlow-Chambers accusations we collided with fourth century money lenders, businessmen bastards, dogged train coaches, scrub with and on-the-spot Honda spare-parts dealers who can repair a burst gearbox with pine cones and bananas.

I have lots of Indian and Malaysian friends in Melbourne and Sydney. We are thanking these disparate souls and glorious children and begin happy for milkbar owners and their homestead wives into the plot. I had culture shock at K. L. Airport. But I got culture shock at Young and Jacksons. I have always wanted to get away from people like me in my films. Brian and Sonny have allowed me to be first, go further, be wicker, more useful, famous.

The Shadow of Madonna (an appeal to universal homophobia).

There's no cure for the vanishing heart.

The only part-cure is fun. And discovery. At least it is for this Koon Park Man. Koon Park Man forced to look at Asia. I close my eyes and still see, three months on.

The miniature painting protest in Scarborough, the woman who sliced a giant pineapple up in her own hand with a sparkling machine, the poor man whom we named John who was silent and had accidentally killed three people in Indonesia, now living in a cage in the jungle, whose last feed he gave us, a bowl of fruit where but. I remember the beauty and strangeness of the rubber plantations, the millionaire Chinese businessmen laughing at the friendly people from there, off in rage roadblocks and trying to burn a page. The Madhouse Man who was everywhere, who did loved us around like Doctor Cyclops.

The mass development going on in Malaysia. The mad education of America, and Coke and Islam. Carl from Malaysia who can sing "Autumn Leaves" better than Nat King Cole could if he was alive, and a woman. These entrepreneurs broke my heart a hundred times a day when we were bumping over mud cones and slide slats in those hang you on the spot money mountaintops.

This is a story about bright business, *Alibi* will be saved. He will come to Melbourne University. He will get the girl. He will go through Hell. We are writing a comedy. Perhaps it is my first one. All I know is that I am in the company of house and theory men. ■

The men shot well back from the boundary fence at the winning post, with spectators in the foreground. The horses gallop past in the distance, and the camera concentrates on the reactions of the spectators. It agrees with men looking back towards camera for Barnett's direction, and, as the race finish draws close, spectators run out from behind urging the spectators to wave the flags. He backs out of the picture to give the camera a clear view of the race finish, then a series of jockey pointers pose on the way to collect their winnings as the film cuts out. The print has been released as the NFAA video, *Leaving Melbourne*.

- (14) *Cap Winner "Newhaven"*, Trainer: Walter Hickenbotham, Jockey: Harry Gardner (shot 3 November 1896).

Footnote: 24 November 1896, first mentioned in *The Sydney Morning Herald*, 24 November 1896, p. 3. Lumière catalogue number 423 (*Melbourne, les courses Le Gagnant*).

Gardner as jockey colours and Hickenbotham in suit lead "Newhaven" from his stable. Gardner mounts and Hickenbotham leads the horse around in circles in front of the camera, occasionally going completely out of the picture. The print has been released as the NFAA video, *Leaving Melbourne*.

- (15) *New South Wales Horse Artillery at Drill* (No. 1) (shooting date unknown).

Footnote: 24 November 1896, first mentioned in *The Sydney Morning Herald*, 24 November 1896, p. 2. Not in Lumière catalogue. Film taken at Victoria Barracks, Sydney, by permission of Lt-Col. H. F. Avey. No surviving print is known.

- (16) *New South Wales Horse Artillery at Drill* (No. 2) (shooting date unknown).

Footnote: 24 November 1896, first mentioned in *The Sydney Morning Herald*, 24 November 1896, p. 2. Not in Lumière catalogue. No print known.

*The Sydney Morning Herald*, 25 November 1896, p. 3, states that the second of these videos, taken at Victoria Barracks, Sydney, by permission of Lt-Col. H. F. Avey, showed "the guns and gunners [apparently] firing past the spectators at full gallop." No print is known.

- (17) *People Passing St. Mary's, Sydney, Sunday Afternoon* (shooting date unknown).

Footnote: 1896, *The first photographs of the Sydney Cricket Ground*, a complete set of the moving pictures of the 1896 Melbourne Cup, which was not awarded this time with the rest of the cricketers in the 1896. The film is currently the subject of copyright claims between Australia and France, and will hopefully come to this country as soon as its status is clear.



Footnote: 24 November 1896, first mentioned in *The Sydney Morning Herald*, 25 November 1896, p. 3. Also recalled by Ted North in *Everyones*, 9 January 1924, p. 8.

Shows people passing from Hyde Park, past St. Mary's, onto the Domain with passing cable cars. No print is known to survive.

- (18) *Sydney Post Office from George Street* (shooting date unknown).

Footnote: after 3 December 1896 – listed in a handbill from the 478 George Street Lumière venue, reproduced in *Exhibitor* (Sydney), 29 July 1925, p. 40. The handbill's content concurs with an abridged programme published in *The Sydney Morning Herald*, 19 December 1896, p. 12. No print known.

- (19) *Employees Leaving N.S.W. Government Printing Office* (shooting date unknown).

Footnote: between 24 November and a programme of 6 December 1896 at Sydney's Grosvenor Theatre. Film recalled by Ted North in *Everyones*, 9 January 1924, p. 8. No print is known to survive.

The following films are either by Sessier or by a Baker & Bowie employee using Sessier's camera:

- (20) *Sea and Beaches, Coogee Bay, Sydney* (shot c. May 1897).

Footnote: 5 June 1897, first mentioned in *Brabant Courier*, 5 June 1897, p. 2. No print is known to survive.

- (21) *Elphinstown Street, Sydney* (shot c. May 1897).

Footnote: 26 June 1897, first mentioned in *Brabant Courier*, 26 June 1897, p. 2. No print is known to survive.

## FILMS MADE BY H. WALTER BARNETT AFTER SESSIER'S DEPARTURE

The final Australian films made by the Sydney photographer H. Walter Barnett after his successful collaboration with Marcus Sessier were a series of four films, each 30 feet (30 seconds) in length, of the state of 1897's cricket team at the Sydney Cricket Ground, probably shot on 16 December 1897.

Finger contact prints of a half-dozen frames from each of these Lumière films were registered for copyright at the British Public Records Office in Kew, Surrey, on 1 February 1898. The films were subsequently offered for sale by the Warwick Trading Company in London, and were widely exhibited in Australia. Warwick's 1898 *Dispositive List of New Film Subjects* contains these:

- (22) *The English (Victorians) Team Leaving the Field at the Conclusion of the Match*

Warwick Trading Company catalogue number 3001. "The players file slowly through the gate, which is immediately in the centre of the view, and each is clearly recognisable by the number on his pants." No print is known to survive, except for the copyright strip of six frames.

- (23) *The Australian Team Leaving the Field* (Sydney Cricket Ground).

Warwick Trading Company catalogue number 3002. "Here, again, the features of the various players are reproduced with an excellent exactitude, and the picture affords a continuous source of delight to the audience as each well-known figure is recognised in turn and is enthusiastically cheered." No print is known to survive, other than for the copyright strip.

- (24) *Prince Ranjitsingh Practising at the Nets* (Sydney Cricket Ground).

Warwick Trading Company catalogue number 3003. "This picture gives an excellent idea of the popular player's fine build and style, and also affords a good opportunity of studying the marvellous celerity and power of his action."

A 37-foot section of a film answering this description, certainly featuring Prince Kumar Shri Ranjitsingh, the great-

en: between of his day, survives in the British Film Institute in London. It may also, however, be a subsequent film of *Raquelism* which was offered by Warwick in 1901 (cat. no. 8915) shown in London on 19 June 1901. Confirmation of the film's identity must await comparison with the copyright registration strip. Film appears in the documentary, *Collected Herons*.

(22) *Prince Raquelism* and *Harwood* at the Watson, S.C.G.

Watwick Trading Company catalogue number 3004. "This is a picture which always attracts intense interest and enthusiasm, for it represents these two popular players during the actual progress of the game. At the moment the picture opens Prince Raquelism has just made a hit for four, and the accomplishment of these runs is an incident which inevitably calls forth the greatest applause." No print is known to survive, other than for the copyright strip.

## Next Issue

In our next issue we will look at the films of Ernest J. Hart Thewissen and Robert William Harris, as well as reviewing the work of Sydney's first indigenous filmmaker, Mark How. Then on up to Queensland to tell the tale of the start of production there, by G. Borwin (1897) and Professor A. C. Haddon (1898).

## ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

The current project has emerged from the Queensland Vintage Film Project, funded by Griffith University (Brisbane). Pat Laughlin is alone responsible for the project and its funding, without which this series would have been impossible.

Of the National Film & Sound Archive contingent, I remain indebted to Ken Berryman, the Melbourne office staff, and particularly Ming Laburn, NFSA Documentation Officer.

As usual, the assistance of my professional colleagues, Graham Sharkey, Chris Savory, Judy Anderson, John Barnes and Bernard Chardens, was vital. The group truly successfully in reconstructing obscure but vital pieces of film documentation, much of which has been channelled to this series.

George Ellis of the Salvation Army Archives, Ian MacFarlane of the Victorian Public Records Office and Tony Marshall of the W. L. Crowther Library in Hobart made essential contributions to the data base. Foster Stubbs came up-runs with, in all likelihood, the oldest surviving Australian film. His co-operation is profoundly acknowledged.

The newspaper library staff of the State Libraries in Queensland, New South Wales, Victoria, Tasmania and South Australia provided the core of my data base. I hope that they may recover from my numerous access requests.

Lastly, my thanks go to Frances Spind, who assisted with my photography and consumed to be my wife while this article was written.

## FOOTNOTES

1. Ross Laundy and Peter Bailey, *The Documentary Film in Australia*, Cinema Papers and Film Victoria, Melbourne, 1973, p. 9.
2. *Amiel of a Train at 108 Platforms* was in the *Melbourne Film & Sound Archive* (MESA) but wrongly identified as "Amiel of Trains Melbourne 1898". Early library accession *Melbourne Film & Sound*, Early Western was held by W. J. Foster Stubbs. *Amiel of the Western* (1898-415) is held by the Cinéma-thèque Française.
3. *The Bulletin*, Sydney, 25 September 1897, p. 2.
4. *Charles Mason*, *The American Series* to 1907, Charles Scribner's Sons, New York, 1990, pp. 154-208.
5. *Caesar's Family Magazine*, London, August 1897, "Living Photographs of the Queen", by John Minton, pp. 323-30.
6. *Light and Sound*, Summer 1993, "Bliss in the Dark" by S. Berrington, p. 280 on seq.
7. A. C. Haddon Papers, Cambridge University Library. Haddon's journal refers to film-making on 1, 2 and 3 September 1897, on Murray Island (see note 12350).

8. Four of WMA's films were released on the NFSA video, *Australian Film* (1993).
9. *Melbourne Film & Sound* *Collection* for Royal Year 1901 and Commonwealth Celebration Day 1 January 1991 represents the production.
10. Raymond Fielding, *The American Museum*, University of California Press, Menlo Park, 1990, pp. 44-7.
11. *Quest* in D. F. Thomas, *The First Colour Motion Pictures*, Science Museum Monograph, HMSO, London, 1947, p. 31.
12. Howard Lumsdaine, *Motion Pictures 1894-1912*, Washington D.C., Copyright Office, Library of Congress, 1934, p. viii.
13. *First French and French-Style Dances*, early 1898.
14. *First French and French-Style Dances*, February 1910.
15. *First Australian and French-Style Dances*, November 1910.
16. *First American and French-Style Dances*, August 1911.
17. *Teasing competition* (not usually featured) first seems to occur with the aid of an 1898 Australian and way camp. *Harwood's* suggestions were too slow and *Amiel's* (not) been introduced.
18. *Scientific Australian*, Melbourne, 22 September 1898, p. 8. *Amiel* arrived at an Alexander Gaiter movie show that there found was on 27 August 1897 at Fife Street Town Hall, Melbourne. *Melbourne Film & Sound*, 24 August 1897, p. 2.
19. *Everyman*, Sydney, 15 December 1914, p. 124. "The Early Days of Days in Victoria" by Alexander Herbert Gaiter.
20. *Early of Gaiter's local film* can be connected with the production of E. J. Thomas and E. W. Harris in the 1890s.
21. *Longer film* would not fit on the machine, and their excessive weight and excessive motion would cause the mechanism to malfunction, causing the speaker to stop in the film to stop. *Longer film* would not fit on the machine, and their excessive weight and excessive motion would cause the mechanism to malfunction, causing the speaker to stop in the film to stop. *Longer film* would not fit on the machine, and their excessive weight and excessive motion would cause the mechanism to malfunction, causing the speaker to stop in the film to stop.
22. *Typical examples of Carl Harris and G. Haddon's quest* in the second half of the series. *Melbourne Film & Sound*, 1993, p. 179 on seq., p. 218 on seq.
23. *The Sydney Morning Herald*, 24 November 1896, p. 2.
24. *Food & Cinema*, *Harwood's* *Amiel*, *A Biography*, Jerrild Publications, London, 1928, pp. 183-91.

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# Tech n i c

COMPILED BY FRED HARDEN

## A Damage Report from the Laboratories

**W**hile talking with Clive Duncan (the new manager of Malboum's Digital Film Labs, once VFL), he described the laboratory experience given as part of the formal training when he started as a cameraman at the ABC. "In the early days of my training, I was sent down to Cinevox to learn about the workings of the laboratory. I had a day there. The ABC was short staffed, so I never went back and I missed out on a massive slice of what should have been my education in the industry."

Today, if anything there is less contact with the laboratory as part of the camera assistant's training. With the economic reality that video will be a big part of their production experience, outside the film schools no one is going to take the time to talk about what happens after the film cans have been dropped into the night safe, unless the individual cameraperson takes the time to follow the process through for him- or herself. Unless the director of photography can talk about the relationship between lighting ratio, stock contrast ranges and less common techniques such as force processing and standard printer lights, taking a trial-and-error approach to learning about the craft could take years.

The temptation to play safe and avoid experimenting will also put creative freedom and a chance to develop individual styles back years. 16mm personal filmmaking used to be one way that you could learn about the boundaries of the stock and the relationship to processing and prints, now that's too expensive for most individuals.

It's my experience that the still photography assistants have a better understanding about the technical parameters of exposing and processing film than many of the cinematographers I've worked with (the still photographers often deal with the lab a number of times daily and often do test exposures before exposing the final frame, so it's an easier and faster learning curve).

There is also a lot less that the laboratory can tell you, now that the neg-to-tape telecine transfer has eliminated the one-light workprint in many cases. Without a workprint to project, a laboratory neg report is reduced to a damage report.

Hence the title for this collection of stories on the current state of our laboratories. When we've been down so long that anything looks like up, the careful optimism here is reassuring.

FRED HARDEN

DOMINIC CASE

## The Lab Scene

In the wake of an economic depression and an increasingly electronic world, the Sydney labs are both looking to the future with confidence. I spoke with Martin Hoyle, Marketing Manager of Marfeldt, and Peter Willard, Adair's General Manager. Both showed great confidence in the industry at present. Peter Willard felt that the industry was "surviving well for the time of year, considering the statistics to growth and the economy in general." Marfeldt, according to Hoyle, had done at least ten major films this year — mostly docu-mentaries and features — and was consistently growing.

### New intermediate stock revolutionizes blow-ups

At Marfeldt, at the Film Australia complex at Lindfield, Martin Hoyle spoke about the usage of documentary and feature productions going through the lab at present. Several productions recently have been shot on Super 16. Hoyle was enthusiastic about the excellent results of the 35mm blow-up, and said that Hoyle's new intermediate stock 5014 and 7214 was the key to the success.

With the old 7243, you would always use the grain building up. That's why 16mm outputs were never very good. But now the new stock — 7214 — is much better. It uses the DXR grain technology for the same negative stocks, and the results are amazing.

When a 35mm blow-up duplicate negative is required from a Super-16 production, there were always two ways of doing it, with arguments for both. Making a contact printed Super 16 interpositive was much cheaper than a 35mm blow-up interpos (4,000 feet of 16mm blows up to 10,000 feet of 35mm) and usually eliminated the tendency of negative opticals to jump in the blow-up printer. However, the quality of the 16mm blowups was never as good as it might have been on 35mm.

Now that a solution is here — and a Super 16 interpositive gives results that match 35mm on the older stock. Using the new stock for the blow negative as well has made for the best-ever results.

According to Martin Hoyle:

The printing lights are very different from the old 7243s, and look a little different as well. It's a light

# calities

## ne in Sydney

pinkish colour, more like milk-negative -- not the orange colour of the old stock. You cut it off the ends with Kodak 15 to get the new standards.

The blow-ups are printed for Movielab by Rick Springett of Springett Optical Services, which has recently changed premises to more like the Movielab area in Pine Avenue.

### Super-16

While discussing blow-ups, Martin Hoyle commented on some other prints for Super-16 production.

The timing of the shots is quite critical, although the camera viewfinder is marked with 1:1.00, 2.00, 3.00. But blow-up will be printed as 1:1.00. That means, actually, that in no position some shots will happen at least on the frame, to avoid cutting things off. That's the advantage of doing the blow-up on original print -- it gives more power for increasing those shots where they haven't been for the tighter shot.

### The Post-production Supervisor

Budgets are getting slimmer, crews are getting smaller, schedules are getting tighter. But at the same time, post-production is getting more and more complex, as film gauges, editing, sound and colour techniques are mixed and matched to ever-increasing variety. Hoyle highlighted one key role that should never be dropped on:

As we had production coming through where the budget had been cut and one just to get the film started in all. Shooting rates have gone from \$10 a roll to \$15 a roll -- we also had been cut back to three reels; the crew have finished up exhausted. With a tight budget usually they don't have a scripter, so the effort is being judged from a video monitor. It's a bit planned for 35mm, maybe the price is Super 16 to save money.

We had time to get into post-production. It's complicated. Often the budget is less, I should say a post-production supervisor. The editor usually has time to cut an one. On the late work-up, finding to cut out location, arrange some elements and a whole lot of other things on the line.

Martin Hoyle is advised to that every post-production supervisor is followed through and he up the final post-production stage. "If

video features are going to be used, then it's a post-production supervisor is essential."

### New 35mm wet-gate printer at Movielab

The latest acquisition at Movielab is the 35mm Servotek wet-gate printer. The Servotek is a total computerised system that fits into a standard Model C wet gate printer (the original printer that has been the work horse in most labs for the past 30 years). An eight- and one-half inch wide gate past the printing gate. They are totally submerged in a chamber of wet printing fluid, 100% ethylene glycol. This liquid matches the refractive index of the film base itself, thus making scratches or other surface blemishes totally invisible. Martin Hoyle recalled one recent production:

We printed *Shogun* in a *Super 16* wet gate. It's a 35mm short from the AFC. I remember I had printed up some scratches from the postproduction equipment the camera, everything I thought got removed. The wet gate completely eliminated the scratches -- well, looks sharper. The blemishes are gone and the print is better suited to the camera in better.

### Rick Springett moves to Lindfield

Springett Optical Services has built a feature film base at Lindfield ever since the close of A.P.A. in 1970. In the last 15 years, Rick Springett is taking his business to the Pine Avenue complex at Lindfield.

Business for a film optical company has changed dramatically over those 15 years. Rick pointed out that film optical work has come mainly had been declining rapidly as video effects became more and more powerful. However, there was a corresponding increase in cinema commercials. These were usually remakes of the successful television version.

When an agency calls with a feature film, they are for a TV commercial, all the other when



ALAN GARDNER WORKS ON THE SHOGUN ADVERTISING COPY MADE AT MOVIELAB

The cinema version is needed; they simply need the one that makes for a low budget to 50mm film. Of course, they don't have much control over the quality of cinema materials, but with a cinema commercial, where the projector must be within a certain tolerance and the screen has to be standard. They can ensure good results. So it's worth making the optical on film. Most times the optical would cost less than it does to create a copy.

According to Rick, 35mm is a way out of the film are marked because it didn't really fit with the demands of the commercial clients.

With TV commercials, everything has to turn around in 24 hours. If you're doing up to 100

features, you can get locked into three weeks of a time. Then you can't service the commercial clients.

But as film applicants for TV commercials are declining, so DDB is finding more cinema work. In particular, Rick is now heavily placed to print filmsets for Super-16 productions. For *Black River*, he made the titles by way of a 35mm interposit, but the body of the film was printed at Movielab to a Super 16 interposit, and this taken up by Rick to make a 16mm dupes negative.

Rick says the main reason for his move was that the house had expired on the old positives.

He comments being next door to Movielab for some of the work, but it isn't got any more processed at Adlab. So it's quite independent of both labs.

## Telecine compatible intermediates

Kodak's new intermediate stock, 5244, brings up again as a test for improving telecine transfers.

It has always been difficult to get exactly the same results in a telecine transfer as would be expected in the cinema. Film believers in mag-to-tape transfers are mollified by equally adamant supporters of the telecine-on contrast print.

The trouble with mag-to-tape is that the negative encompasses an enormously wide range of brightnesses or more-or-less-true-white, and there is no value against the film to accommodate the whole range. The loss is most noticeable at the low signal end of the range, in the case of

negatives, that leads to burnt-out skies with no texture.

A normal theatrical print actually increases that contrast, although it switches the mid-tones and rolls off the highlights and shadows very smoothly to give the classic "film look". Unfortunately, in telecine movies (that is nearly every scene that is intended to be televised), there are compressed tonal ranges of shadows, in which everything from the mid-tones down tend to disappear into black.

The traditional low-contrast print improves matters somewhat, especially if the production is specially graded for television. But now Adlab is trying a new approach: the telecine-compatible intermediate, or TCI.

Adlab has revivified with three video houses — Apocalypse, Omicron, and Movielab — supplying test prints for transfer on the new 5244 intermediate stock. According to Peter Willard the results are "very encouraging". Kodak's Gary O'Hanlon points out that telecine transfers from intermediate stock are nothing new, but the working on the 5244 is new. Kodak is offering Telecine Analysis Film (TAF) samples on the new stock, so that the MoviLab be complemented by a matched masking set up on the telecine themselves.

A Kodak newsletter describes similar work on the U.S. — John Kayler's *Passion Fish* was transferred from 5244 at the Tape House (Bantec Company) in New York. Telecine Director John Dowdall said:

The intermediate print provides the proper red and blue and a slight loss that is negligible with the Upps. The 5244 has allowed me to get remarkably close to the experience I would hope to have watching a projected print.

Transferring from a graded positive (which is the film grade) has done much of the work — and places every scene in the right part of the telecine's response range. The advantage of using the new intermediate stock is that before densities are so much lower than they would be on a normal print, so it easier for the telecine to respond in the shadow range, without having to sacrifice the highlight detail.

Peter Willard was keen to stress one point:

The technique uses the new 5244 intermediate stock, but we require a special set-up on the telecine equipment. Don't confuse a witness interposit (you don't take a TCI and use the dups from it) to make prints.

Adlab is recommending the TCI mainly for transfers of commercial and non-theatrical productions, and further information may be had from Adlab's Jim Parsons.

## Workprints revisited

It's impossible to discuss anything about the lab these days without the issue of workprints coming up. Peter Willard — as always, with the latest statistics at his fingertips — reports that this year 60 per cent of Adlab's 35mm negative processing was "process only", compared with 27 per cent last year. In film, the percentage

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without workprint has risen from 88 per cent to 70 per cent. Peter believes that the cost of workprints is not the major issue.

Non-linear editing has many advantages over a film cut – it was an innovation, on speed and so the overall cost will just be reduced by not having what you have everything going that way. It doesn't leave many arguments in favour of film editing.

But both sides are agreed on the disadvantages when there is no workprint. As Martin Hoyle explained:

We've had colour differences between colour problems and lighting problems that weren't evident on the tape rushes. It wasn't until we came to make an insert point that the colour problem became apparent. The film grain only sees a full-inch view of the final cut – while both film – that puts the negative up on the colour monitor and, 'Gasp!' all of a sudden, there is a possibility of misplacement. And at that stage, obviously a replacement is inevitable. It costs a fortune at the time of the shoot. Taking workprints between us up is one way, but if there is a problem, you can the obvious that you'll get it in the end that you're printed.

## Grading upgraded

Machinists at Atlas Photo Engineering have recently completed an upgrade to the second Colourmaster film analyzer. Now both machines are aligned with the 'Promax' gate, so the negative can be viewed 'on the run'. Previously, the second machine only allowed the things to be seen in the stop-frame mode (the only way to grade, but hard to see the continuity from scene to scene). Atlas believes this upgrade will considerably improve productivity and results at grading all productions.

In addition, Atlas's negative matching department has switched up from their original DSC/Russian negative logging systems to the full DSC/R. Peter Willard explained that his staff were now able to log and negative matched using DSC/R whether editing was on video or workprint.

The upgrading has also to give DSC/R Russian negative to be logged after intensive feature, ready for editing when the DCL comes back.

The full system includes DSC/R's capabilities to RTD (30 fps) timecodes. Film production is using this feature in Lennox Teleproductions The Flood.

## Atlas expands (1)

Showing great confidence in the future for film processing laboratories, Atlas is spending half a million dollars on building expansions at its Hotham Parade headquarters. Peter Willard says:

The building extensions really came about because of the dramatic increase in local production over the past 5 years. We're almost hitting street level, so we've had to make room for all these facilities over time.

The extensions have already provided an extra screening theatre for the lab to 'improve

our quality control and ensure less waiting time for screenings'.

Conspicuous – in phase 2 of the building – are improved facilities for chemical mixing and a streamlined bulk print tracking facility.

Some people asked the last I had for the bulk printing for various clients, saying it doesn't save service for the producers. But we need bulk printing to help keep all the services that the local industry needs in place. We think that these extensions will serve about 1000 of the local producers, and we'll be able to support the industry for that time.

Central to the bulk-print operation will be improved security for the lab. Entry to the print-handling area will be by security entry cards only. This will complement the anti-piracy coding that the lab has been incorporating into reliable prints for nearly five years. As far as Peter Willard knows, the lab has not been a single case of video piracy in that time that has been traced by a leak within Australia – and it's a reputation that Atlas wants to uphold.

## Atlas expands (2)

Atlas's new laboratory on the Gold Coast has been open for three months – and already has a number of productions to its credit. The latest and biggest production is The Panel, a production by Gale Anne Hurd for Platinum Pro-

ductions and directed by Martin Campbell. With credits for Terminator 2 and Aliens behind him and Campbell's Edge of Darkness the \$22 million feature is the biggest on-shore production yet.

The processing facility is within the Movie World studios, and facilities include Martin and films developing, printing, and grading negative to master print. Services such as negative matching, sound mixing and opticals, as well as blow-ups, are all provided by the main lab back in Sydney. Says Peter Willard:

Movie-makers who productions will finish own time, so they only need a turn-in service, while local productions tend to do post-production in Sydney. But we're sharing the facilities and if the demand is there, we'll provide those services up in Queensland.

The lab operates around the clock, seven days a week, and is open through the day, mainly for master prints, for delivery and shipping.

As well as major productions, local commercial producers, Television, the Australian Film Company and Poly Poly have been big around the laboratory.

The lab was established with the help of a Queensland Government grant of \$100,000, part of an on-going programme by Premier Wayne Goss to attract film and television production to Queensland.

## SLOW-BREAKING NEWS

### The rise of the polyester-based print

Fred Harden reports



AGFA's new polyester base.

Polyester (the common name for polymer polyethylene terephthalate) is formed from the condensation of two petrochemical industry by-products. As a base for film emulsion, it is a (relatively) cost-effective alternative to triacetate (formed from cotton and wood products) which has been the chosen film base for motion-picture stock for some years. It has been used for machine loader, sound stock, archival films and was widely used for bulk printed Super 8 film.

Photography, it is widely used for stable base. Yet despite attempts to introduce it as the preferred motion picture base and its acceptance in Europe, it has had marginal impact in Australia until recently.

Agfa uses the trade name D19 for its polyester base and its name is pure film, CP-10, is a completely proved and processing compatible with the Eastmanprint stocks. It is significantly different in that it doesn't use a colour

black backing layer that is conventionally used to absorb the light source, or "halo" that comes from the light scattering back from the laser layers. Studies with the black backing require a pre-bake and a burn-in wash to remove the curies. The Agile QP 10 stack uses an anti-halo free technology Agile caps (CLD, CleverLight Agilent Collection), which is a special coating between the three emission layers and an anti-halo layer coating between emission and focus. The savings for the laboratory are in time and water use. But the stand, the advantages come from the stack itself.

The properties of polyesters are superior mechanical strength, toughness, tear resistance and lower brittleness which reduce film breakage and scratching, and extend carbonation life.

Extruded pasta and other weather-resistant pasta forms are just two of the new products that are attractive to distributors. The thinner, bubble-like extruded pasta are smaller (just 1/8 in. in diameter) and can have a 12% longer propagation time for the conventional diameter and thus a 6% weight advantage per lb. can reduce shipping costs. Per additional lb. per just traditional long-form storage, there is no longer added cost due to the lessened disintegrability of hydrolyzed or extruded pasta. Pasta can also be stored without concern for shrinkage extending the traditional life of 6 to 12 months. The first major release on the Agri stock facility is the Nymex Agri Commodities, Ltd. (St. Louis, Mo.) *Red Wheel* 2-*Unit* Aluminum's

There have been a number of traditional reasons for avoiding polyester sheets. Unless there is a cut in the edge of the film, it won't lose and that one is supposed to remain flat. Instead of the film wrapping, if there was a pin in printing processing or projection, it would damage the

The idea that tie film should be used as a barrier to a liquid or gas chemical was suggested by the people of Ispen. As the late Chairman of Ispen, Miller pointed out that everyone was clear polyester fiber to feed extruders for film. Though the processing machine anyway, with a polyester. Tape films or thermal splicers must be used to join polypropylene in production is heated as a glue. The fact that tape splicers must be used means that the operator can find a joint applied and visible without having to test for one. It happens if a cement can be made in laboratory. All other splicers holes are also as good as most of the way to new design of optical soundtracks that join the area between the

There is always a catch and polymer's usually. The first comes with an anti-static coating which protects it in the lab, but in a production plant with the warmth and friction the static attracts dirt more than it repels it. The use of little discharge devices are recommended as proven an antistatic device that is a guarantee that is being actively maintained to extend the life of your equipment and protect

For more information about the advantages and changes to conventional print handling, visit [AgfaCP.com](http://AgfaCP.com) or contact Greene Mullen at (800) 581-5811, or at Agfa-Gevaert Ltd., 875 Pacific Hwy., Perth Amboy, NJ 08861.

**DIGITAL FILM LABORATORIES**



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## The born-again Web

In the warren of buildings that was Wilson's Pine Laboratory in Harbans, Dave Dwyer's office is strategically placed at the front door and under a stair to the point of being as plain as any other. With laboratory supervisor Steve Mitchell, the only hint that the office belongs to the world that the new name Digital Pine Laboratory alluded to is the front door, suggests, as it the back ground face of the portfolio changed in an Dave's words.

The venue for his quarterly business strategy briefs—a few minutes of office radio? DFL is soon to move to the AAV building complex in Bank Street, South Melbourne. Is move that has occupied Olivo's time since he took up his position last October?

From his current operating role, community relations background, Clive was strongly an experienced choice for the position as General Manager of The Post Business in Sydney. Melbourne commercial production company. It was his friendship with Melbourne's assistant editor Mike Penfold led to his being offered the chance to "ump signing attacks and get back to the main battle on representation of physical fitness." Clive Penfold's return was an important one.

You have to have a passion for the activity or put-terball just as well as having plenty of balls. As a teenager for twenty years, I think I understand how complex and emotional the activity really is. If you understand the difference, you can use better tactics.

It is argued that OCBs reflect an individual's belief in the efficacy of self-initiated behavior to achieve desirable outcomes (Bass, 1980).

It's the time of the 84-hour shift or the five-minute naptime. The people who change jobs don't agree from planning it because they, people don't look six months into the future, particularly in other things. Change again is often you need to be able to live through by saying "Well we do have another turn limit, but not today." I don't know if it is going along too much and those people are really

longer, we'll be able to tell you just how much we're committed to you.

In all these situations, you have to make sure you get the best information, if it's not someone else's (subjective) idea. Sometimes, you can get a second chance. The bill was so badly understood by most people and they don't give you the right of appeal. If they think that you've done wrong, they would tend to an explanation that change to your opposition, especially if you point out to them that maybe there were, in fact, no signs of terrorism.

We clearly don't wish the status that don't have links with the South Atlantic. We, A. and T. however, don't wish the new technologies and machines, there is no reason why we wouldn't survive a future like that of the System. We're just done a job where nature was taken down overnight (in grandeur and respect) and put them on a plane. They were walking, but nature is creative at the end of the first flowering in (Gardens). So it's not the end, it's the beginning.

### The opening of Bank Screen

We're about to go to the South Malibu area and be the first to open late! With things like parties, promotions and conditioning, it will be the closest thing to a lot of our game combination with the glowing reputation of intense, sag old games from somewhere and if you can't get it out of your mind, it helps everyone to get going the same time.

We've also had discussions on the ethical side with Kaskas and it will fall in the same marriage of David Lerner. It will be the first paper in the recycling and reutilization of its materials. We are doing it in the requirements of the Sullivan and also to be seen to be ecologically aware. It covers mostly because you are not fixing things down the drain, but you have to reuse things like

We're remodeling inside the house at the Ritz building, so hopefully we will be shifting the city section of the leg there very soon. You have to be prepared to be making a change, just changing the room and the staircase with it too.



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## Watching the cash flow

This should be seen as a positive move, and we are keen waiting for cash flow to do it, but we decided that unless we do it, the cash flow will improve. To improve your business you have to spend the money.

John AAJ and Mike Reed bought (shared) a two-screen. A film library can be a financially viable business. Once you've bought the plant and equipment, it can return a small but steady gain. The reality is that Paul Smith's 14 and 16mm wide (the only one that has really changed in the business in their career) now are now digital. It is like the internal combustion engine, the light is the motor, but the control gear is different and that gives you a more sophisticated edge.

The other reason was an excellent offer, especially for Mike VFL, was one of the premier jobs in Australia, it just made it kept up with the times.

## Film tech meets digital

Plus to add, the local medium is rather inflexible, but not really the latter marketing techniques afterwards. It is very expensive and slow, and labour intensive to manage things to do film movies and to communicate with all the regulation difficulties. Doing these things digitally makes itself more sense.

Cinema is re-inventing a social event. The experience is all the education shopping centre, paid to a return in cinema going after years of television. So, what can we do digitally now here to be able to be returned to film the science and now it is possible.

That's why we're called ourselves Digital and why we're investing. Cinema can't be the cinema that it was once happening. There will be conventional methods around for a long time, the central problem is... out of all the things before all the high end stuff that we as filmmakers will pass on. The regional companies will maintain a foothold and give them back control, a why there will probably only be a few of the big houses doing digital outside in Melbourne and Sydney. It will come down to who is the most financial. I can see a war between those with the most cash flow.

Plus and Mike have been too remote for too long. It is time that people started to look at what they can together and that happens if it's just a matter of a walk through the building and to all the technical plans and the digital side. In fact, quality there are advantages for clients with that feeling of security. But we are going to make that an important part of adding to, definitely what people see as a dark bit.

The businessman is being satisfied with his feelings. With a walk-in to his own day. They think back a little, they have been, what's your name? or 'the colour looks like there's a bit of it left on. But the business owner will not give all that out, and it's not an interpretation, it's mine, and we are satisfied to find that people are a problem. The businessman can't afford to lose with a new stock, it might be as simple as the gate on the lights being fixed and more out, and we can look the paper and say 'Put back on it. It is looking a bit poor.

Technical operators also have to be happy if in the eyes of film so that they can see these things with a final film release in mind. If you put

the film and more people enter the one side so that they can be used more, hopefully we will get technicians who know what happens across the board. We'll be able to make people to build off to be an all-round. Some enter the job in their own little companies.

## The digital outlook

The purchase of VFL by AAJ and Mike Reed is an interesting move that all the parties have obviously thought out. The experience of AAJ and previously Colofilm in Sydney showed that the obligation is not an easy task. But with the converging of the two technologies the situation has changed. A lot of people will be looking at how DFL handles the changes. With its years experience of Clive Duncan at the helm, the reaction will be very different to the existing library management. I ended the interview

with a question about Clive's own hopes for the future.

I'd really like to convert this side of the industry into the service industry that it should be. I can see that the companies that do give good service are more likely to have their heads well with more customers.

I also think I got the biggest kick of my career out of working for Clive (AAJ). Clive was a camera operator for senior cinematography (Clive Reed). I've done a lot of business in the film industry, but that was the only one I worked in that I really felt happy with. There was no one, no violence, no cameras, no politics, no political stories. Working there at the double hand you know that you're doing something good. I hope I get the chance to do work as time goes just as satisfying in the future.

## CINEVEX



CLIVE REED, MANAGER, CINEVEX

The other Melbourne library is, of course Cinex. It's almost across the road from the ABC in Melbourne, and the last remaining of a group of libraries that all received a share of the work from ABC Television. With tape production phases and current affairs, the situation today is much different and the move of the ABC to new facilities in South Melbourne will not affect the job in fact. As I began the conversation with Manager Grant Miller and Technical Manager Chris Simpson, they pointed out the National History Unit (by far the major user of film at the ABC) was moving into buildings even closer to the lab.

Grant was not as positive about the industry improving for at least another twelve months, suggesting that the research they have done indicates even a slight decline. He is confident about their position in the market and cites the wide customer base of the Melbourne lab as being the reason that they have not been as affected by the fall off in advertising commercial work. Series, news and television, plus

the continuing work from the ABC, have compensated, and material work is steady.

Grant also believes that the traditional incorporating routes in Sydney happened some years ago in Melbourne. Melbourne endorsed mag-to-mag almost two years before Sydney, which is one of the reasons that Cinex has hesitated its involvement with CINEVEX. Cinex is now one of three (Bala first) in the world for the Canadian Australia Media software (CINEVEX) machine film. Keycode members in four cities nationwide in an off line will discuss this. Unlike in Sydney it is the lab that do most of the mag shipping in Melbourne (Cinevex is a Paul Cross and Robert Wilson), and the capabilities Cinex has gained with the process has brought it work that Grant Miller says has almost compensated for any fall in the volume of work being done. Chris adds:

As with any piece of technology there are areas for error. We are not going to hand over the keys to the computer and we have a lot of human checking which has helped give confidence to our clients. The introduction of CINEVEX on quality,



CHRIS GREENING, CHIEF OF ANALYSIS, CINEMA

## Super-16 but no HDTV yet

The other arm of Cinema's expertise is with Super-16, and that's what ex-*Reservoir Dogs* producer (Geoffrey Wright), *Dark* (Nedra Tassi) and currently going through the ink, *Body Heat* (Philip Boitard).

Twelve months ago the push for Super-16 was to jumpstart HDTV, but, with the technical and standards delays there, customers are still unsure about the format. Of the four or five Hollywood film projects going through the ink at the moment, Chris says that none of those customers has decided to go Super-16 for HDTV reasons. That it will be an issue is pointed to by the BBC co-financed *Dark*, which like a number of European television productions "was shot in the wide-screen format to give them that future option."

If there are any trumpets to be blown with the quality of Super-16, Chris feels that it should be for Kodak, which has in the past few years improved camera and intermediate stocks so that for the typical, the results are indistinguishable from 35mm.

On the loss of workprint, Grant Miller ceded a final, staining oxide.

There is no going back, but I wonder what is going to happen in ten years' time. What will happen to our young cinematographers who are not going to see workprint? What will they gain their skills because they will just film fresh negative and not see the dailies? There is no rehearsal going for them for the final film result.

CineTale will tell you that they have had time where the results are all over the place because the cinematographer is not seeing the progression of the work each day and adjusting accordingly. Things like color stress are not as easy to see on a twenty-inch (50cm) monitor as on a twenty-foot (6m) screen.

## Green but dirty

Environmental concerns are growing and Cinema has spent over \$50,000 recently to ensure that it conforms to the day when no chemical can be added to waste water. It is recycling and re-using processing chemicals. Victoria (or Interloma Water) is leading the other states in these concerns.

One of the environmental issues that will come to a head soon is with the chemicals that are used in film cleaning. Due to be phased out in two years, there are still no practical alternative solutions being offered. Chris Shugart feels that they are clearly in the hands of the legislative bodies (the ICI and Kodak in this regard). If not, watch out for dirty prints!

and today the package is fairly accurate and better proof and material issue able to help with the otherwise machine intensive and too liberal in presenting problem areas. Software doesn't stop the editor (there are constant changes and refinements) and is a saving device if at the QC&A software in a few months.

There has been a gradual improvement in the edgecode readers so real, and Chris says that Cinema is glad that it waited before purchasing. The only problems now, he says, are with a workprint that has the code bars printed too lightly. Here it is not read at all, or has to be skewed up, a far less dangerous situation than giving the operator almost right numbers.



## MEMORIES AND DREAMS

In the next issue of *Cinema Papers* read an exclusive interview with director Lynn-Marie Milburn, producer Julie Stone and director of photography Andrew de Groot about this award-winning film.

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# SENTENTIOUS SEVEN

A PANEL OF SEVEN FILM REVIEWERS HAS RATED A SELECTION OF THE LATEST RELEASES ON A SCALE OF 0 TO 10, THE LATTER BEING THE OPTIMUM RATING (A DASH MEANS NOT SEEN). THE CRITICS ARE: BILL COLLINS (CHANNEL 10), PAUL HARRIS ('100' THE AGE, 3RRR), IAN HUTCHINSON (SEVEN NETWORK), AERAS-JAN WELSHOURNE, STAN JAMES (THE ADELAIDE ADVERTISER), NEIL JILLET (THE AGE), TOM SPAN (3LG: THE SUNDAY AGE, WELSHOURNE), AND DIAN WILLIAMS (THE AUSTRALIAN, SYDNEY), SANDRA KELL (THE BULLETIN, SYDNEY) AND DAVID STRATTON (KNIGHTS) ARE ON HOLIDAY. ADRIAN MARTIN AND SCOTT MURRAY, WHO ARE BOTH FINISHING BOOKS, SAW TOO FEW FILMS:

FILM TITLE Director	BILL COLLINS	PAUL HARRIS	IAN HUTCHINSON	STAN JAMES	NEIL JILLET	TOM SPAN	DIAN WILLIAMS	AVERAGE
ALADDIN John Musker, Ron Clements	7	-	7	8	-	4	4	6.4
AT PLAY IN THE FIELDS OF OUR LORD Horror Barbican	8	2	5	-	8	3	-	5.3
BOB ROBERTS Tim Robbins	8	-	7	8	8	7	7	7.7
DRAGON: THE BRUCE LEE STORY Rob Cohen	7	1	3	5	4	-	-	4.4
EL MARINERO Robert Rodriguez	-	3	7	-	5	7	-	6
FEELING DOWN Joel Schumacher	7	4	8	-	7	6	7	6.9
THE HEAVYWEIGHT KID Michael Jackson	8	3	4	4	4	-	5	5.7
HOT SHOTS 2 Jim Abrahams	4	-	1	4	4	-	4	4.1
INCIDENT AT POTOBAL Adrian Lyne	8	1	4	4	1	1	-	4
JAMON JAMON Roger Lema	-	-	1	7	4	7	5	5.4
LOVE IN LINDS David Eikel	-	3	-	-	5	-	3	4.3
MADE IN AMERICA Richard Benjamin	1	4	1	7	5	-	-	4.6
MONSTER IN A BOX Spalding Gray	-	1	3	3	3	3	7	5
ORLANDO Sally Potter	9	1	7	8	4	7	9	8
PASSION FISH John Taylor	9	7	7	-	4	7	4	7
PETER'S FRIENDS Kenneth Branagh	9	-	7	-	4	1	-	5.1
RICK IN LOVE Bruce Beresford	-	-	4	-	4	1	-	4.1
REMEMBER DOTS Quentin Tarantino	9	-	7	4	-	-	8	8
A RIVER RUNS THROUGH IT Robert Redford	8	3	3	-	3	-	-	5.1
SINGLES Cameron Crowe	-	4	7	3	3	4	-	5
SUNSHINE Phillip Noyce	-	-	4	3	3	-	-	4.7
SOME LIKE IT HOT	-	1	3	-	3	7	7	5.4
SOMMERSET Jon Amiel	9	4	4	4	4	-	-	6.4
US66 PEOPLE Robert Redford	-	3	4	4	4	-	3	5.4
SPYGLASS (THE HANSHING) George Sluiter	9	4	8	8	4	7	9	7.3
THE HANSHING George Sluiter	7	1	3	4	3	4	5	3.7

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